

75 CENTS

SEPTEMBER 1, 1975

TIME

FORECAST:



**EARTH
QUAKE**

A man with curly brown hair, wearing a dark blue zip-up hoodie and a thin chain necklace, is looking directly at the camera. He is holding a pack of Winston cigarettes in his left hand and a lit cigarette in his right hand. The background is a blurred outdoor scene with trees and a fence.

I don't smoke to be like everybody else.

I smoke for taste. I smoke Winston.
Winston gives me real taste and real pleasure.
In my book, that's the only reason to smoke.
For me, Winston is for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per
cigarette, FTC Report MAR '75.

Why Rabbits are multiplying like rabbits.

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Big Hatchback

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Great Acceleration

Peppy, fun to drive. From 0 to 50 in only 8.2 seconds. That's quicker than a Monza 2 + 2.

Visibility

There's more overall glass area and visibility in our little Rabbit than in a huge Lincoln Mark IV.

38 Mpg

In the 1975 EPA fuel economy tests, the Rabbit averaged 38 mpg on the highway. A nifty 24 in the city.*

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Safety Features

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Easy to Service

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Independent Rear Axle

Another VW exclusive, the independent stabilizer rear axle gives you independent wheel travel for added riding comfort and better handling on rough roads.

Dual Diagonal Braking

It's nice to know you always have the added protection of a back-up braking circuit.

Front Wheel Drive

As is true on only two Detroit cars, the Eldorado and Toronado, the Rabbit has front-wheel drive for superior tracking stability.

VW Owner's Security Blanket

Your Rabbit is backed by the most advanced new car coverage plan in the automotive industry: The VW Owner's Security Blanket with exclusive Computer Analysis.

**The Amazing
VW Rabbit**

The car that sent Detroit back to the drawing board.

*75 EPA BUYERS GUIDE.

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

While movies like *Towering Inferno*, *Tidal Wave* and *Earthquake* were mesmerizing audiences of disaster buffs over the past year, Senior Editor Leon Jaroff and Associate Editor Frederic Golden, who writes our Science section, were carefully following a series of little-noticed events and discoveries that are leading scientists closer to achieving a critical breakthrough: the ability to predict, and possibly even control, earthquakes. Golden, who wrote this week's cover package and Jaroff, who edited it, have both been keeping tab on seismological research for several years. "We'd covered each advance piecemeal," Jaroff says. "Finally," he adds, "it seemed that the right time had come to pull the research together and let our readers know that reliable earthquake forecasts are nearly at hand."

Jaroff is a longtime student of natural disasters. With degrees in mathematics and electrical engineering from the University of Michigan, he used his scientific training in one of his early assignments in journalism, covering Midwestern tornadoes—and trying to explain their cause—for LIFE. "I saw some terrible scenes," Jaroff says, "but at least people had a little warning and could duck into storm shelters. When an earthquake strikes, there is no place to hide." Golden drew on an expertise in geology that he began cultivating years ago as a student at the Bronx High School of Science. A denizen of New York City's high-rises, he finds the whole subject of earthquakes disconcerting as well as fascinating. But New York, he notes, has its advantages. "Manhattan has a lot of problems," Golden explains, "but very few faults." San Francisco Correspondent John Austin feels considerably queer. Small wonder, considering that his talks with earthquake researchers and civic defense officials, and perusal of an Office of Emergency Preparedness study, form the basis of the story "The Day San Francisco Is Hit."

Reporter-Researcher Janice Castro, who along with F. Sydnor Vanderschmidt helped compile the research for the project, approached her assignment with a quake-wise Californian's cool. Born on a cattle ranch north of Oakland, she knew well the tale of how her great-grandparents' chimney toppled into the kitchen during the 1906 San Francisco disaster. Like many Californians, she has often felt the earth move. The last time was in June. While Castro sat reading a Virginia Woolf novel on a mountain in the Coast Range, the earth began to "boogie and shake." Suddenly she realized that she had chosen a vacation spot "right on top of the San Andreas Fault."

Ralph P. Davidson

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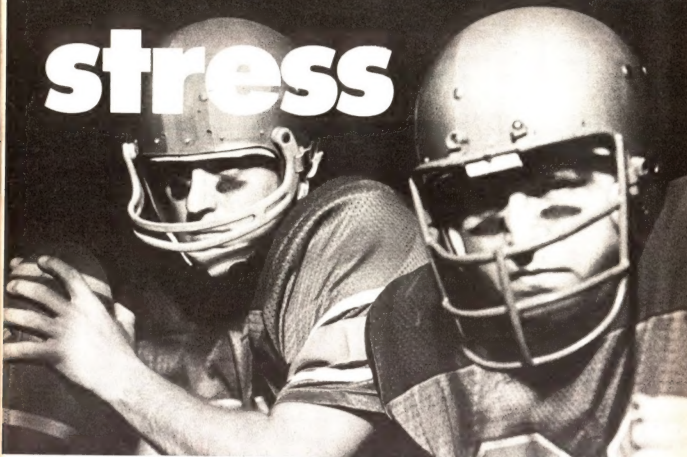
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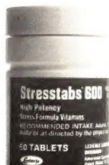
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From Right to Left in Portugal

To the Editors:

Finally a cover story on the Portuguese situation [Aug. 11]. And what a cover it is. The gentleman on the right (Costa Gomes) could pass for Frankenstein's twin brother; the one in the center (Gonçalves) looks like he's ready to bite someone on the neck, and the one on the left (Carvalho) really looks like he's on the left.

Paul Hegeman
Eastport, N.Y.

Seeing the TIME cover on Portugal, I thought "My God, a TIME, lost in the bowels of the Post Office for 23 years, has finally arrived." It seems hard to be-



lieve, even in the most boring summer sieve Watergate, that TIME has to stoop to the Red menace to attempt to lure readers.

Maybe things are not all we would like them to be in Portugal, but there are damned few places, including our own country, that are following the perfect path to human bliss.

Deirdre Murray Whiteside
New York City

Portugal and its kindly people would be far better off if the Salazar-Caetano administration had never been overthrown.

Charles V. Montague
Palma de Mallorca, Spain

You seem to feel that Portugal has already been taken over by the Communists. It sounds as if you are writing the obituary before the patient is dead.

Ellen Graft
Miami

How sickening it is to hear the words Red threat after 15 years. As far as I am concerned, TIME is as much responsible for Communist paranoia as Sen-

ator McCarthy, Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan. Your only saving grace is that you are factual.

Wayne Spitzer
Newtown Square, Pa.

Exciting Betty

The exciting aspect of Mrs. Ford's comments on abortion and "having affairs" [Aug. 25] is not so much the substance of them, as it is the freedom which she and her family feel to express their diversity of views on the topics. What a perfect model of the dynamics and purpose of freedom of speech in a democracy—to get controversial issues into the public dialogue where the various legitimate and not-so-legitimate points of view can be argued out.

How different from the repressive Nixon years!

Diane Chegwidden Jones
Fort Lee, N.J.

Mrs. Ford mentioned that her honesty relative to her recent operation for cancer may well save the lives of countless women. On the other side of the coin, her honesty on abortion, which she supports, could well affect the decision of other countless women to destroy the lives of their babies, human beings.

Mrs. Lucien M. Grant
Houston

Atoms-and-Coal Formula

The recent Harris poll showing that 63% of the American people accept civilian nuclear energy as clean, inexpensive and safe [Aug. 18], while only 19% oppose construction of more nuclear power plants, and a mere 5% believe them to be dangerous should help to reduce the emotional content of the often heated nuclear debate.

Our nation's need for energy, both liquid fuels and electricity, is crucial. The close relationship between energy reduction, jobs and a healthy economy is becoming every day more clear. Fac-

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tual information devoid of accusations and largely unsubstantiated charges and countercharges must form the basis for reasonable discussion and public decision. Conservation must be pursued. But realistic use of what we now have—coal and nuclear energy—is essential today and in the years immediately ahead. Those who want accurate information should read Schmidt & Bodansky's "The Energy Controversy: The Role of Nuclear Power."

Dixy Lee Ray
Fox Island, Wash.

Dixy Lee Ray was chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission 1973-75.

Nixon's Palace Guard

Exploiting and profiteering—that's what members of the guard [Aug. 11] are doing. Is it not tragic enough that they tried to steal the democratic system of government? Now they want to exploit their crime by selling books detailing their actions. To buy one of the guard's books is to line their pockets. Haven't we paid enough?

Barbara Lobley
Seabrook, Texas

Well you've done your worst to Richard Nixon, but he's still the most admired man on my list. I thank him for making the world a safer place.

Gilbert Hawkins
Chicago

The only tax funds that should be spent on Nixon are the \$140,000 or so that would pay for his well-deserved 20-year residence in a federal pen.

John R. Kennedy
Oklahoma City

Why is everyone still standing around waiting for Nixon to admit that he feels guilty about Watergate? Do we really expect Abbie Hoffman, Lucky Luciano and Charles Manson to admit that they feel guilty? Guilt is something that human beings tend to feel as little of as they can. And Presidents are no exceptions.

Gail White
New Orleans

Historic Moment

The Viking-Mars landers have, in addition to the biology packages described in TIME [Aug. 18], two other sets of instruments connected with the search for life. There is an organic chemistry laboratory that will search for the molecules of life among the Martian sand grains. There are also two television cameras on each lander to search for large animals or vegetables near the landing site. Unlike the microbiology in-

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FORUM

struments, these experiments make few assumptions about the detailed inner workings of hypothetical Martian organisms. The launch delay of Viking, if ten days or less, will have little effect on the scientific objectives of the mission, although the delay may make a July 4, 1976 landing more difficult. But whatever the landing date, Viking, if it works successfully, represents a historic moment: the first serious scientific search for life on another planet.

*Carl Sagan, Professor of Astronomy
Director, Laboratory for Planetary
Studies, Cornell University
Ithaca, N.Y.*

The Incontinent Press

As a reporter, I found your article on the effects of press revelations on the efficiency of the Central Intelligence Agency [Aug. 4] disturbing.

The article was particularly meaningful to me because I had just finished collaborating on a story exposing the existence of a CIA base in this area—a story about which, I should add, I felt considerable trepidation.

I wrote the story mainly because my fellow reporters expected it of me and also because I would have gotten into considerable trouble with my editor if I had not. After reading your article, I think I would be happier about myself had the story I did never appeared, and I think there are occasions when we of the media should ask ourselves whether, in our eagerness to write a big story, we are not tampering with something far more important.

Our subservience to the "scoop" mentality has caused us to lose our sense of perspective. We need to get it back.

*John W. Floors
The Daily Advance
Elizabeth City, N.C.*

Quick, Just Judge

The article entitled "The Reluctant Judge" [July 28] is an unfair characterization of the most conscientious and hard-working judge I have ever known. It is common knowledge in Savannah that his work days begin at 7 a.m. and include most weekends and holidays. The overall impression conveyed that Judge Alexander A. Lawrence is habitually dilatory and unsympathetic in his handling of civil rights cases is totally inaccurate. Judge Lawrence has administered the law in school integration, busing, the Civil Rights Act and civil liberties cases with scrupulous regard for the rights of the complainants, and his opinions are usually prepared with much greater dispatch than the briefs of the lawyers who argue the cases before him.

*George H. Chamlee
Savannah, Ga.*

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The Eraser, 1975.



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AMERICAN NOTES

Ssh!

It was foolishness enough when one of CBS's intrepid interrogators started asking Betty Ford a lot of personal questions and soon found that the First Lady's dedication to "candor" inspired her to hold forth on her husband's roving eye and her daughter's hypothetical sex life (TIME, Aug. 25). Although many Americans share Mrs. Ford's views, so many others complained that the President last week joked rather hyperbolically that his wife had just cost him 20 million votes. Now, however, it turns out that Mrs. Ford has still more to say about her once private life—even when unasked. In an interview with Myra MacPherson published in the current issue

press will now lapse into a discreet silence. And that the First Family will not misinterpret the lack of embarrassing questions as a mandate to answer them anyway. If candor at all costs is to become the supreme policy, there are a number of more important areas to which it might more usefully be applied.

The Widower's Warning

More than 17 million visitors per month are expected to descend on Washington, D.C., between now and the end of the Bicentennial celebration. But one Washington resident, a senior official in the Federal Communications Commission, has undertaken a bitter campaign to keep Americans away from their capital. William B. Ray, 67, has written to 91 of the nation's largest news-

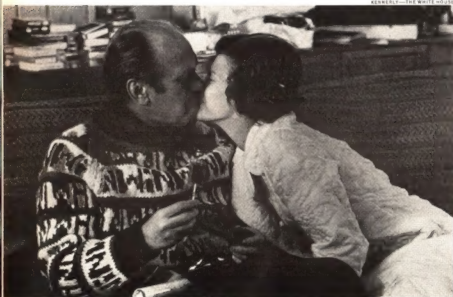
breaking her nose, jaw and several ribs. She was in the hospital for eleven days and required plastic surgery. Her attacker was never found. Last May Mrs. Ray died of a heart disorder that was unrelated to the attack.

Like most large American cities, Washington is very far from being, for either visitors or those who live there, the sanctuary of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness that the Revolution envisioned. But last year it ranked below Albuquerque, Detroit, Portland, Atlanta and other cities in the level of its murders, rapes and muggings. The widower's warning notwithstanding, if crime is the criterion, there are plenty of other cities where it would be just as difficult to celebrate the Bicentennial.

Silent Goes the Don

In his younger days, Gerardo Catena was convicted of eight felonies, ranging from hijacking to bribing a federal juror, but those inconveniences did not slow his steady rise through the Mafia hierarchy. By the late 1960s he was boss of 600 button men in northern New Jersey and heavily involved in gambling and loan-sharking. Thus it was only logical for the state commission of investigation to summon him in 1970 for questioning about organized-crime activities. Granted immunity from prosecution for his answers, Catena still refused to talk, so a superior court sent him to jail. Under civil contempt procedures common to all states, Catena could have freed himself at any time by answering the commission's questions. Instead, he vowed: "They'll have to carry me out of here feet first."

The aging mobster (now 73) never broke his silence. But last week the New Jersey Supreme Court ordered him freed. The justices concluded that there was "no substantial likelihood" that Catena would ever cooperate with the commission; therefore, he must be released because further imprisonment would amount to unjustified punishment. Let other Mafiosi rejoice too much, the court limited its decision to his case alone. As a result, three other recalcitrant witnesses remain in the Clinton Reformatory, and the commission can continue to coerce silent mobsters with threats of imprisonment. To get out of jail without talking, they will have to use the same long and costly appeals route followed by Catena, since the court stopped short of answering a question raised by its own reasoning: After how many years does coercion become punishment?



JERRY & BETTY FORD IN AN AFFECTIONATE MOMENT AT CAMP DAVID, MD.

of McCall's, she recalled the day the Fords' king-size bed had been moved into the White House and added that inquisitive reporters had questioned her about "everything but how often I sleep with my husband, and if they'd asked me that, I would have told them." Thus challenged, the interviewer apparently felt obliged to inquire what answer she had prepared, which enabled Mrs. Ford to say, "As often as possible." An idle imagination could perhaps conceive still further questions—all in the name of candor—but it may be hoped that the

papers urging tourists to avoid Washington "this year, next year and every year until the District of Columbia and Federal Government are able to exercise a reasonable degree of control over crime."

Ray's fear is understandable. Nearly two years ago, his wife Sue returned from a noontime shopping trip to find an intruder in their Northwest Washington apartment. The man warned her not to scream or run; she did both. He tackled her in the hallway and, as Ray says, "just beat the hell out of her."



LONG LINE OF WELFARE RECIPIENTS & APPLICANTS STRETCHES ALONG A MID-MANHATTAN CORNER AT SOCIAL SERVICES CENTER IN NEW YORK CITY

WELFARE

Billions to Pay, and a Spreading Revolt

If there is one thing that politicians and the public agree on—and have agreed on for a decade or more—it is that the U.S. has the world's worst welfare mess. In fact, it has a monster: a system that costs some \$45 billion a year at all levels of government, delivers benefits to 25 million people and requires a quarter of a million government employees to administer it. While most Americans would agree that financial help should be given to the unavoidably unemployed, the disabled, the fatherless young and the unsupported old, practically everyone feels that welfare has become a hydra—sustaining many who do not deserve help, breeding incredible bureaucracy and inefficiency and entangling the nation in ideological clashes over just how much aid should go to whom, who should pay for it and how stringent the standards of eligibility should be.

Now, a revolt against the whole system and new cries for reform are spreading, prompted largely by the lingering effects of a recession that swelled not

only the numbers on welfare but also the costs of assisting them. President Ford, for one, has said that the whole welfare program "either ought to be junked or a substitute put in its place, or the present welfare system should be tightened up very, very greatly." Jimmy Carter, former Governor of Georgia and now a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination, agrees that "nobody on the face of the earth can make the present welfare system work fairly and effectively" because it is so "confused, overlapped and uncoordinated." New York's new state commissioner for social services, Stephen Berger, with tongue only slightly in cheek, has a proposal that is aimed at the vast welfare bureaucracy. Since firing the government employees involved would only add to unemployment, he wants to "strip every third person of his or her typewriter and telephone, encourage them to play bridge or do anything that comes into their heads—except send out more instructions, forms and guidelines."

Many state and local officials believe the Federal Government should take on the entire burden of welfare payments, but U.S. Commissioner of Welfare Robert Carleson, a conservative supporter of former California Governor Ronald Reagan, resigned his post this month with the statement that his position should be abolished as "a symbolic gesture that welfare is a basic and primary responsibility of the states." At the moment, the Federal Government picks up slightly more than half of the welfare bill.

The states insist that they can no longer handle the burden. Unemployment is running at 8.4% nationwide, and new census statistics report that last year the number of Americans below the poverty line rose to 23.8 million. At the same time, inflation has added to the amount of money needed for survival. All in all, the welfare rolls have increased by some 38% and payments by 11.3% since 1968. The situation is so bad that some states are defying the Federal Government, and a few countries

SOCIAL SERVICE WORKERS LABOR OVER WELFARE CASE FILES BULGING FROM RECENT INCREASES IN NUMBER OF PEOPLE SEEKING HELP

MICHAEL EVANS



THE NATION

have voted to withhold payments to their states.

So far, the revolt is aimed mainly at the bureaucratic confusion. At the beginning of last year, the Federal Government undertook what looked like a more efficient way of speeding help to needy aged, blind and disabled people. Any state wishing to take part in the new program, called SSI (Supplemental Security Income), could let Washington's Social Security computers figure the benefits and mail out the checks to each recipient. The states would then be billed for their share of the welfare costs by the Social Security Administration. Thirty-two states took advantage of the arrangement, since it seemed to remove an administrative burden borne largely at the level of budget-strained counties and state capitals.

This program, however, quickly collided with one of the welfare system's most glaring absurdities: the 50 states have widely varying standards of how much welfare recipients should get, how the payments should be shared by county and state governments and how ineligible recipients should be detected and removed from the rolls. Washington's computers and programmers proved too inflexible and too slow in handling all of the variations and fast-shifting rosters of eligible recipients.

Checks for Dead. The federal checks were sometimes triple what the counties thought they should have been; some checks even continued to flow to the homes of people who had died. In all, 27 states claimed that Washington had made overpayments totaling about \$400 million; they have refused to reimburse the Federal Government for roughly half of that sum.

Apart from such federal-state friction, many local governments are growing restive in the 17 states where they contribute to the nonfederal share of the most expensive welfare program: Aid to Families with Dependent Children (in the other states, the state government picks up the full nonfederal tab). In New York, where the AFDC bill is split 50% federal, 25% state and 25% local, officials of Oneida and Orange counties simply decided to stop contributing. In California's Plumas County, an impoverished timber area in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, local welfare costs have risen by \$60,000 from a year ago; the county board voted not to finance the full increase. These revolts have been challenged in the courts by state officials.

The signs of rebellion are not surprising, since the welfare burden falls so unevenly and irrationally on various communities and regions. New York City pays a staggering \$2.6 billion a year in benefits, while Chicago, with an even higher rate of unemployment, pays only \$9 million (the state of Illinois carries most of Chicago's burden). The average payment per case in general welfare assistance early this year ranged from

\$15.05 a month in Mississippi to \$203.34 in Hawaii.

Federal regulations also sometimes clash with the practices of the states. Georgia's Governor George Busbee, for example, plans to go to Washington this week to protest restrictions against requiring beneficiaries of Medicaid to pay a portion of their medical bills. Georgia had been assessing such payments, and at the present rate of spending, the federal ban will leave the state \$20.8 million short in its Medicaid budget; the entire program may have to be shut down early next year. In Massachusetts, where the state assumes all local welfare costs, Democratic Governor Michael Dukakis last week reluctantly signed a bill removing 18,000 employable people from welfare—a first-time cut prompted by fiscal pressures. Officials of New York and other hard-pressed states are campaigning to get the Federal Government to pick up all or a larger share of the full welfare burden, with uniform eligibility rules. (Specifically, Commissioner Berger is asking that Washington pay 75% of all AFDC in states where unemployment exceeds 7%.)

Reform Hearings. President Ford's approach will be a cautious one. He has selected John G. Veneman, a former Under Secretary of HEW and now an aide to Vice President Nelson Rockefeller, to pull together the choices for reform. Then Rockefeller will hold a series of regional hearings. Says Ford: "There is an awful lot of wisdom out in the country on what is right and what is wrong about welfare."

As a Congressman, Ford twice voted for the welfare reform proposed by former President Richard Nixon, which would have abolished the complex of overlapping programs and provided a single cash grant to families below an established poverty line. This Family Assistance Plan was assailed by conservatives as a handout, criticized by liberals as too stingy and virtually abandoned by Nixon, who failed to lobby for it and let it die in the Senate in 1972. When all the hearings and early skirmishing are over, Ford will probably recommend some form of single and uniform federal cash grants, with tougher procedures for determining who should get them. But whatever he proposes, he will be doing it in a volatile election year, and the temptation on all sides to score political points will be strong.

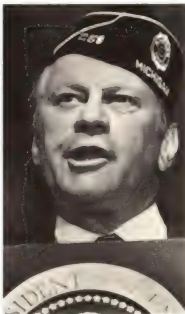
THE WHITE HOUSE

Making Hay

It was pure Jerry Ford. Out in the Midwest, where he feels at home, a welcome if not a beloved figure, the President last week was relishing what he calls a "working vacation." He was doing what comes naturally: chatting with an earnest 4-H'er about the calories in



FORD AT COLORADO OIL-SHALE SITE



AT LEGION CONVENTION IN MINNEAPOLIS



ON GOLF COURSE IN VAIL, COLO.

a pineapple milkshake, patting the beefy flank of a prizewinning steer, comparing a wooden porch swing to the one owned by "a girl I used to court." But the brief Western trip had its serious side. The President's approval rating had dropped to 45% in the Gallup poll and to 38% in the Harris, so he was intent on explaining his policies wherever he went—touring an oil-shale plant with a hard-hat on his head or mingling with crowds at the Iowa State Fair with a button saying HOGS ARE BEAUTIFUL in his lapel.

The farmers to whom Ford was appealing have been growing increasingly restive over mounting opposition to the sale of 10 million tons of grain to the Soviet Union. AFL-CIO President George Meany spearheaded that opposition last week by announcing that the International Longshoremen's Association would not load the grain on ships until the White House provided assurances that the deal would not increase food prices for American consumers. Seemingly to take the farmers' side at the Iowa State Fair in Des Moines, Ford declared that a "sound, fully productive agriculture is a key element in this nation's quest for peace. Our sale of grain and other foodstuffs to the rest of the world is one of the brightest areas in our economy, a green harvest we all understand." Without these sales, he maintained, the U.S. would lose \$12 billion in earnings from international trade.

Fervent Desire. From Des Moines, Ford flew on to Minneapolis, put on an American Legion cap and defended his foreign policy before the legionnaires' annual convention. Some 12 hours after attacks on his policy by Ronald Reagan and George Wallace at the VFW convention in Los Angeles, Ford emphasized that "Detente means a fervent desire for peace, but not peace at any price. It means the preservation of fundamental American principles, not their sacrifice. It means moderate and restrained behavior between two superpowers, not a license to fish in troubled waters."

The President suggested that he might not pursue detente forever if the Russians fail to reciprocate. If progress is not made in the SALT II talks, he said, he would have no choice but to raise defense spending, now at the "bare minimum," by \$2 billion to \$3 billion over the next two years. "This is one place where second best is worth nothing."

The legionnaires were cordial but not feverish in their applause, and so it went through most of Ford's tour. As one Iowan put it: "He's like an inch and a half of rain in a dry year. Nice, appreciated, but not enough." But Ford likes this kind of campaigning—so much so that he plans to be out of Washington almost every weekend all fall. There will be fund raisers from Newport, R.I., to Seattle, Wash., a Baptist convention in St. Louis and, of course, the University of Michigan's football game against Michigan State.

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDLEY

When the Anemometers Stall

One of my esteemed colleagues has called this summer's Washington "Dullsville." NBC's North Carolina-born oracle David Brinkley was stirred by the capital's somnolence to thoughts of 40 years ago, before air conditioning and the telephone overwhelmed the verandas and magnolias. And the New York Times' James Reston, the most distinguished analyst of Washington's hot air, checked his stalled political anemometer and took himself off to Cuba for real Havana cigars.

For the first time in at least a decade, Washington has had a summer of reasonable serenity. But a number of people are not sure that they liked it, which may be one of our national problems. In politics, we have produced a generation of thrill seekers, men and women who thrive on disaster. Most of these people—fortunately for the rest of us—found that living with themselves was a big bore and went foraging in Moscow, Peking, Lisbon and Jerusalem. Those left behind in the steamy streets made more sense.

Washington's most erudite young writer, George Will, pronounced it a "tremendous summer." His two children got the chicken pox, and he explored a whole new field of community relations as the bug spread in his neighborhood. But there probably was no finer hour, he claims, than the August morning when he walked out his front door and declared his lawn "a wilderness area" to be left untouched for the remainder of the season. "My contribution to conservation," he explained.

The motion picture industry's Jack Valenti moved to the tennis courts. He perfected something he called "a top-spin backhand," and not even *Jaws* gave him the thrill he got from beating Presidential Contenders Birch Bayh and Lloyd Bentsen. It may be an indication of political things to come. One of the world's famous lawyers, Edward Bennett Williams, called the unusual calm "a return to abnormality." His view is that the bizarre has become the norm and such letdowns as we are now experiencing will continue to be the usual.

Treasury Secretary William Simon took the first vacation he has taken in three years, which may have done more to steady the nation's economic nerves than any official nostrum. He assembled all seven of his children for a rare family reunion, found time to think and decided that the slogan "Stay bored with Ford" had some great merit but second-guessed, "Maybe the President would not think so."

Former Senator J. William Fulbright, now a lawyer about town, has watched the setting for 32 years. He likened the summer of '75 to the days of Ike. "When I came here as a young man," he said, "I used to complain about the inaction. What a fool I was. There was great wisdom in that."

There were some stay-behind residents of the city who thought the calm signaled vast new disturbances to come. One was Thomas ("Tommy the Cork") Corcoran, one of the older hands in governmental business. He found a similarity to the summer of 1939, when the world was on the brink of war and this country was not sure what it wanted to do. Franklin Roosevelt, for whom Corcoran had worked, had not made up his mind about running for a third term, and the rest of the major politicians couldn't do much but wait. Corcoran thought there was even a whiff of 1926, when he first came down from Harvard Law School to clerk for Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes and Calvin Coolidge was presiding over Pennsylvania Avenue. America for the most part was still on the great jag of the 1920s, and it devoted the summer months of that year to fanning itself on the front porch. Sometime along there, old Justice Holmes, who was 85, fixed his wise gaze on his young aide and said, "It's the eye of the hurricane." Sure enough, the fury of the Teapot Dome scandal grew and the rot in the economy became visible. The chaos raised up F.D.R. and launched the Government that in many ways still endures. Corcoran's instincts suggest to him that our society is on the edge of some new changes that may rival those that Roosevelt brought. "Whenever this town loses positive direction," he said, "it means something is struggling to be born in the nation—there is a wind coming." He may be right. But this calm before whatever storm awaits us has had its virtues.



JAMES RESTON IN HAVANA

DIPLOMACY

Beyond the Call of Duty

When Marxist rebels from Zaïre threatened last May to kill three kidnapped students in Tanzania—two of them Americans from Stanford University and the third Dutch—U.S. Ambassador W. Beverly Carter decided to bend a few of the State Department rules that forbid diplomats to get involved in negotiations with terrorists. He put embassy facilities in Tanzania at the disposal of the students' parents, helped them to get in touch with the kidnapers, and did what he could to assist the negotiations, which ended with the release of all of the students by July 25 in exchange for about \$40,000. As a result of that happy ending, Carter, who is black, got a com-

associate, flew into a "towering rage."

Kissinger concluded that Carter had violated the State Department's ironclad nonnegotiation policy on three counts. He had 1) given temporary diplomatic protection to two rebel representatives who arrived unexpectedly at the embassy; 2) allowed an embassy communications officer from Nairobi to accompany the students' parents to a rendezvous with the terrorists near Kigoma, Tanzania; and 3) allowed the ransom money to be shipped from London to Dar es Salaam by diplomatic pouch. Kissinger wanted to fire Carter outright, but aides persuaded him to soften the punishment. Summoned to Washington for "consultations," Carter was told to forget about going to Copenhagen.

By the unwritten rules of the Foreign Service, Carter, now 54, should also have forgotten about continuing his brief but successful diplomatic career. A former editor and publisher of several black newspapers in Pennsylvania, the lanky, balding Carter joined the U.S. Information Service in 1965 and was put in charge of the American embassy's press relations in Kenya. Four years later he became Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs. Dar es Salaam

nal Black Caucus requested a meeting with the Secretary.

At a press conference last week, Kissinger defended the nonnegotiation policy as the most effective way to discourage terrorists from kidnapping Americans. With considerable justification, he said: "If terrorist groups get the impression that they can force a negotiation with the United States and an acquiescence in their demands, then we may save lives in one place at the risk of hundreds of lives everywhere else." But to calm the controversy, he later assured leaders of the congressional Black Caucus that nothing would be done to impede Carter's career. Nonetheless, Carter's future in the Foreign Service is not bright (Kissinger also complained of his "engaging in an independent publicity campaign"). Now representing the U.S. at a United Nations conference on human rights in Geneva, Carter is scheduled to return to Dar es Salaam in mid-September. After the flap dies down, he probably will be offered a distinctly unprestigious, perhaps nondiplomatic job where he will be kept out of trouble.

THE EX-PRESIDENT

Evading the Questions

The lawyer's question to Richard Nixon was direct: Did he think that the public had a right to know the full story of Watergate? Before the former President could reply, his own attorney interjected: "What do you mean by Watergate? The building?" Asked again, Nixon shrugged off the question: "If my counsel doesn't know, I would never put my wisdom above his."

As that exchange indicates, Nixon still persists in evading questions about the scandal that drove him from office. The occasion was the giving of a six-hour deposition by Nixon in San Clemente on July 25. This was part of a lawsuit in which he is challenging the constitutionality of a law passed last December that made his White House files, containing some 42 million documents and secret tape recordings, the property of the Federal Government. For six hours, Nixon was interrogated by ten attorneys who are contesting his suit. Among them were lawyers representing Watergate Special Prosecutor Henry Ruth, the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press and Columnist Jack Anderson, who has been trying to obtain access to the materials since 1974. Turned over to U.S. District Court in Washington last week, the deposition was Nixon's first public statement on the Watergate tapes since he left office.

His responses to the lawyers' questions ranged from acerbity to vagueness to sarcasm, as he continued to insist that by law and tradition, his papers still belong to him. Said he: "I shall determine... not the Congress. I shall determine what can appropriately be made pub-



CARTER GREETING KIDNAP VICTIM BARBARA SMUTS AFTER HER RELEASE
Kissinger flew into a "towering rage."

mendation from the State Department; his impending promotion to Ambassador to Denmark seemed assured.

Bitter Controversy. Last week Carter's Foreign Service career appeared shattered, and his actions in helping to free the students were the subject of a bitter controversy in Washington. The reason: Zaïre's touchy President Mobutu Sese Seko, who recently expelled U.S. Ambassador Deane Hinton on charges that he was plotting to overthrow the government, had complained heatedly about Carter's having been in direct contact with the rebels. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger reviewed the record and according to an

was his first post as ambassador (he is one of only five blacks among the nation's 120 ambassadors), but in three years he has become known as one of the best U.S. diplomats in black Africa.

Kissinger had not reckoned with Carter's influential friends in journalism and Congress. At first, Carter asked them to do nothing for fear of further infuriating the Secretary. Then the New York Times broke the silence with an editorial praising Carter and urging Kissinger to back down. Columnist Carl T. Rowan followed with a blast blaming Carter's punishment on Kissinger's "monumental ego" and "tough-guy complex." Members of the congressio-

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SUSPECT BYRNE (BENDING) & FBI AGENTS
The friends were now in conflict.

lic." That would be done, he promised, "as expeditiously as possible." But there is a catch: he and members of his family should review the tapes and documents, "having in mind the national security problem, the embarrassment, the private issue. By 'embarrassment' I am speaking of personal embarrassment and not speaking of embarrassment with illegality, of course."

When Anderson's lawyer, William Dobrovir, asked whether the review might take five years, Nixon responded with a sharp dig at the lawyer: "I can't tell you until I see how big the task is. Most of the tapes are not as audible" as the one you played at that cocktail party." The reference was to Dobrovir's ill-advised playing of a portion of a subpoenaed Nixon tape at a Georgetown party in February 1973.

Don't Know. Nixon found ways of evading the tough questions. At one point, Dobrovir asked him to confirm, as reported on a White House transcript of a tape recording, that he had told John Dean that "nothing is privileged that involves wrongdoing." By way of an answer, Nixon countered with a question. "What is the definition of 'wrongdoing'?" Replied Dobrovir: "I am quoting your words." Nixon persisted: "I am asking you, what do you say is 'wrongdoing'?" "I don't know." That was a telling admission for a man who made his career as a lawyer and rose to the highest office in the land. It also indicated why, although a three-judge panel will hear arguments in the dispute next month, the suit will most probably not be finally resolved until at least 1977.

"On another question of audibility, Nixon denied that he had ever called Judge John Sirica a 'wop.' He said that what he heard himself say on tape was that Sirica was 'The kind I want'."



SAM BRONFMAN, BRIDE GEORGIANA & EDGAR BRONFMAN AT WEDDING PARTY

CRIME

Loose Ends; a Knot Tied

The often abused agents of the FBI and the New York City police were basking last week in the spotlight of praise for their rescue of kidnaped Seagram heir Samuel Bronfman II, the recovery of the record ransom of \$2.3 million and the arrest of two confessed kidnapers. But TIME has learned that the investigation is still far from complete. There remains a possibility that a third accomplice, a woman, may have been involved. Investigators are also actively pursuing the theory that the amateurish conspirators may have intended to use the ransom to help finance activities of the Irish Republican Army.

The two arrested men, Mel Patrick Lynch, 37, a New York City fireman, and Dominic Byrne, 53, a Brooklyn limousine operator, have signed statements admitting their roles in the eight-day abduction of the 21-year-old Bronfman. Lynch's attorney has asked that his client undergo psychiatric tests, apparently to build a defense of mental incompetence at the time of the kidnapping. Byrne's attorney insists that his client acted out of fear—presumably of Lynch—for his safety, and actually helped Bronfman during his confinement. Although the two suspects have been friends for about ten years, their defense strategies are now clearly in conflict. Neither has implicated anyone else in the plot.

Yet young Bronfman has told investigators he is "sure" that one of his abductors was a woman. He recalls being pushed into the back seat of a car when the kidnapers seized him outside the unoccupied home of his mother, Ann Loeb Bronfman, in suburban Purchase, N.Y., in the early morning hours of Aug. 9. He is certain that Lynch sat beside him on the seat, and he believes a third person was seated next to Lynch. Bronfman thinks that it was a woman because at one point, the car stopped, someone got out, and he heard the rap

of high-heeled shoes on the sidewalk. After the ransom was paid on Aug. 16, Bronfman said he heard his guard Byrne tell someone on the telephone in Lynch's apartment, where he was being held "She said the money has been delivered. Everything is going to be okay."

The possibility of an IRA connection stems from several findings: 1) Both Lynch and Byrne were born in Ireland; 2) Lynch had made several trips to England and Ireland in the past year, according to his passport; 3) Byrne spoke to friends about making a "big score" to help "the cause"; 4) the odd ransom sums, first \$4.6 million, then \$2.3 million, convert roughly into 2 million and 1 million English pounds.

High Bail. As the investigation proceeded, Byrne and Lynch were arraigned on federal extortion charges and held on bail totaling \$700,000. They are also expected to be indicted on New York State kidnaping charges, which carry a minimum no-parole 15-year prison sentence. The bail was set so high because the prosecution claimed that either might flee to Ireland. Both have dual citizenship and the U.S. has no mutual extradition treaty with Ireland.

There was another item of unfinished business, postponed because of the kidnapping, and that was the third marriage of Edgar M. Bronfman, 46, chairman of Seagram Company Ltd. and father of Sam. The wedding took place last week at Bronfman's 174-acre estate in Yorktown, 35 miles north of New York City. His bride is Georgiana Eileen Webb, 25, whom he calls "George" and whose name was Rita until he asked her to change it. She is the daughter of a builder and country restaurant owner from Essex, outside of London.

The 70 or so guests strolling about the manicured lawns included a relaxed and casually dressed (no necktie) Sam, as well as Bronfman's first wife Ann and their other four children. The presiding judge flew in by helicopter just before the three-minute ceremony, and other helicopters hired by excluded newsmen continued to whirl overhead. That



SUSPECT LYNCH (HEAD BOWED) & FBI AGENTS
Was an accomplice still at large?

prompted one of Bronfman's closest neighbors, former New York Governor Averell Harriman, to remark, "They really ought to be shot down." The bride ignored such interruptions. Wearing a striped chiffon dress and large white hat, she skipped spiritedly across the lawn after the ceremony. The guests sipped Perrier Joubé, a Seagram champagne. And amid all the display, a family spokesman described the bride's sapphire and diamond ring as "large but tasteful."

LABOR

San Francisco Sandman

The four armed youths who invaded Johnny Kan's restaurant in San Francisco's Chinatown last week were in no particular hurry. They moved easily from table to table, taking every purse and wallet they could find among the 70 diners. Then they wrapped up their loot—some \$5,000—in a tablecloth and walked out. The management asked everybody to remain seated—and served dinner on the house.

There was no point in calling the police. Some 90% of the city's 1,935 policemen were out on strike for a 13% pay increase. It was the first such walkout in the city's 125-year history. To combat it, Mayor Joseph Alioto took to TV to declare that the walkout "simply cannot be condoned and will not be condoned. I will not back away from this." Buoyed up by a superior court judge's ruling that declared the strike illegal and ordered the policemen back to work, Alioto also tried to preserve calm among the city's 670,000 residents by strolling through the city's seedy Tenderloin dis-

trict to demonstrate that the streets were safe. Exuding the slithery self-confidence that marks his campaigning, the mayor passed out roses to women, stopped to link arms with a grinning transvestite, and reaffirmed his claim that there was "no need for panic."

Matters soon looked more serious than the mayor admitted. A pipe bomb filled with black powder exploded on the front porch of Alioto's home in the exclusive Presidio Heights district. Alioto's wife Angelina was at home but was not hurt. A note left on the porch read, "Don't threaten us." The mayor announced that he felt that striking policemen were not implicated in the incident, and he resisted pleas that he call in the National Guard.

No Holiday. Though no thieves' holiday came to pass, there were scattered acts of vandalism, looting and violence. Three Chinese youths opened fire on police picketing outside the Ingleside station. An angry motorist ran down two police pickets at the Mission station. In some cases, police used their guns to defend themselves. Requests for private armed guards soared, coming mostly from the city's banks and financial houses. The guard-dog business was also brisk. Complained nonstriking Police Captain Jeremiah Taylor, with some exaggeration: "The kids—the kinkies—are tearing the town apart. We can't handle it."

At midweek most of the city's 1,700 firemen also struck, demanding the same increase in pay as the policemen. (The city's legislative body, the eleven-member county board of supervisors, had voted to halve the proposed increases for both groups to 6.5%, which would have increased annual salaries from \$16,644 to \$17,724, instead of to the \$18,816 for which the uniformed officers were asking.) Police and firemen both argued that some city street cleaners, plumbers and carpenters make as much as \$400 more per month than do policemen and firemen. "We don't begrudge anyone else their wages," said one fireman, "but when you get a burning building with people screaming, just try sending in a laborer."

With protective services virtually halted, the board of supervisors passed a resolution on Wednesday requesting Governor Edmund G. Brown Jr. to order in 200 highway patrolmen. It required Alioto's signature, however, and he declined to sign the order, fearing that it would wreck the negotiations he was trying to maintain between the board and the strikers. "I'm so angry I can't speak," snapped Board President Dianne Feinstein, a candidate for Alioto's job when the lame-duck mayor's second four-year term expires in January. Replied Alioto:

"That's the best speech she's ever made." Somehow, though, the city's divided authorities got together long enough to head off a strike by 1,900 transit workers that had been threatened for the end of the week. The workers were quickly granted a 2.3% pay increase.

While most San Franciscans remained calm and all 37 actual fires were extinguished, the uneasiness in the streets became obvious. Before dawn on Thursday, Alioto decided to shift ground and grant the strikers their full pay increase—with a compromise gesture delaying its enactment until Oct. 15. He did not inform the board of supervisors of his action until later that morning, Alioto told a news conference, because "I didn't want to disturb their beauty sleep," and he quietly hummed *Mr. Sandman* to the gathering of reporters.

First Dictator. Furious at the mayor's unilateral action, the board voted unanimously to reject his proposal, declaring that they would never "negotiate with outlaws." Supervisor John Barbagelata, another mayoral candidate, denounced Alioto as "the first dictator in the United States." Unruffled, Alioto, under the broad city charter provision that grants the mayor power "to do whatever he may deem necessary" to preserve the public welfare, declared a public emergency and ordered the increase carried out. Police and firemen went back to work almost immediately. Beamed the mayor: "The strike is over."

MAYOR ALIOTO ENCOUNTERS TRANSVESTITE





SOLDIER WAVES RED FLAG DURING LISBON DEMONSTRATION; COMMUNISTS BEAT OPPONENT AT RALLY IN ALCOBAÇA

THE WORLD

PORTUGAL

Turmoil at Home, Chaos in the Colonies

Portugal's Premier Vasco dos Santos Gonçalves clung desperately to office last week. Though his grip grew weaker by the hour, he continued to hang on, and rumors swept the country that his moderate opponents were preparing to stage a coup. At week's end, several military units went on alert.

Gonçalves' position had grown increasingly shaky as an alliance of anti-Communists sought to oust the leftist Premier from office. In the face of political and economic turmoil at home and a situation bordering on chaos in several of Portugal's remaining colonies, President Francisco de Costa Gomes was finally forced to a decision that he had hoped to avoid. After a late-night meeting with nine military moderates at his seaside residence, São Julião da Barra Fort outside Lisbon, Costa Gomes agreed that his old friend Gonçalves would have to go—and sooner rather than later.

Distinct Minority. If and when the Premier does depart, the leading contender for his post appears to be General Carlos Fabião, army Chief of Staff and a political independent. Fabião was present when the nine moderates, led by former Foreign Minister Ernesto Melo Antunes, met with Costa Gomes. The nine had all been ousted from the ruling Revolutionary Council earlier this month after they circulated a document protesting Portugal's drift toward

an Eastern European brand of socialism and calling for a return to a pluralistic political system. The nine claimed to have the support of 90% of the people and 85% of the military. They reportedly demanded that the President get rid of Gonçalves within a week.

The moderates also presented Costa Gomes with a new document said to have been drafted in cooperation with Security Chief Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho, who was also present at the meeting. Its most important demand was for a return to a coalition government composed of the major parties, with each to be represented in proportion to its showing at the polls in the April election. This would mean that the Socialists and the Popular Democrats, who together won 64% of the vote, would dominate a new Cabinet. The Communists, on the basis of their electoral showing of 12.5%, would become a distinct minority. To win the support of the populist Saraiva de Carvalho, who had previously opposed a traditional party system, the moderates reportedly offered to allow local workers' commissions.

When the meeting broke up at 3 a.m., Costa Gomes, grave and unsmiling, hurriedly drove back to Lisbon's Belem Presidential Palace. A moderate himself who had successfully managed to keep the warring factions within the government at bay since becoming President last October, Costa Gomes seemed

plainly resigned to replacing Gonçalves. At swearing-in ceremonies for 18 junior ministers in Lisbon, he said wearily: "It is not simple to be a member of a government team whose duration is expressed in days." At the same ceremony, a bitter Gonçalves declared that the crisis would not end with his ouster "because it is not the figure of the Premier that they are out to bring down but the ideas he defends."

On the Defensive. In fact, both appeared to be losing ground swiftly. When the Communist-dominated trade union organization, Intersindical, called a half-hour general strike as a show of support for Gonçalves, most workers simply stayed on their jobs. Even Communist Party Chief Alvaro Cunhal appeared to be backing off from his staunch support of the Premier. In talks with Costa Gomes, Cunhal said that the Communists would not make an issue of Gonçalves' ouster. Earlier, at a rally, he conceded that the moderates' manifesto had some "good points."

The wave of anti-Communist violence throughout the conservative north in the past few weeks has clearly left the Communists on the defensive. At least 50 party headquarters have been sacked, six persons killed and hundreds injured. Cunhal himself narrowly escaped injury when a mob attacked a rally at which he was speaking in Alcoçoba, north of Lisbon. Three days



GONÇALVES ADDRESSES TRADE UNIONISTS

later, when the military said it could not guarantee his safety, Cunhal canceled a scheduled rally in Oporto, the country's second largest city.

Both Washington and Moscow took public note of the escalating tensions in Portugal last week. At the American Legion convention in Minneapolis, President Ford declared that détente "is not a license to fish in troubled waters" and that the Portuguese must solve their problems "in an atmosphere free from the pressures of outside interests." Staunchly ignoring the Kremlin's substantial aid to Portuguese Communists, *Pravda* charged that "NATO interests" and "reactionary forces" were meddling in Portugal and called for solidarity with Cunhal's Communists.

Meanwhile, the climate of uncertainty and impending violence in Portugal was echoed in a number of Portuguese possessions around the world.

► In the conservative Azores (pop. 300,000), thousands of local farmers marched through the streets of Angra do Heroísmo, the second largest city in the islands, demanding that the offices of the Communist Party and the leftist Democratic Movement Party (M.D.P.) be closed. After trying to lynch one Communist sympathizer and kicking and beating three M.D.P. members, the mob surrounded the Communist Party headquarters with tractors, then set the building ablaze with Molotov

cocktails. Fifteen persons were injured.

► On Portuguese Timor (pop. 650,000) in the Indonesian archipelago, the colonial government radioed that "many dead bodies are lying in the streets" of its capital of Dili. Other reports told of barrages of mortar shells and a continuous small-arms crossfire. Fighting broke out when the Timorese Democratic Union (U.D.T.) seized power two weeks ago to forestall what it said was a coup attempt by the radical Revolutionary Front for an Independent East Timor (Fretelin). At least 100 persons died in the initial outburst, and the toll was expected to go much higher. Lisbon was said to be sending a commission to the island, perhaps to speed up decolonization (Timor had been scheduled to become independent in 1978). At the same time, some 1,400 refugees were being evacuated to Australia aboard a freighter chartered by the Portuguese government, and thousands more crowded the island's beaches.

► Despite Lisbon's attempt to reassert control over the last of its African colonies, bloody fighting continued among three rival liberation movements in the oil-rich territory of Angola (pop. 5.6 million). Portuguese troops managed to restore a semblance of order to Luanda, the capital, and were trying to set up a neutral zone in the coastal city of Lobito. But elsewhere the violence showed no signs of abating. Holden Roberto, leader of the Zaire-based National Front for the Liberation of Angola (F.N.L.A.), vowed a "war to the finish" against the Communist-supported Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (M.P.L.A.). The Portuguese airlift from Luanda continued, but some 40,000 refugees were reported stranded in Nova Lisboa, because tankers carrying aviation fuel for flights were unable to get through from the capital.

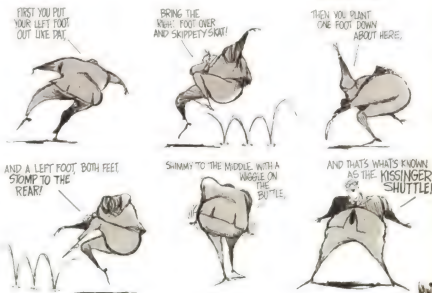
THE MIDDLE EAST

Still a Gap, But Narrower

Openly optimistic, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger jetted through the Middle East last week in quest of a new peace agreement between Israel and Egypt. In Jerusalem, Kissinger laughed off angry demonstrations as a minor and familiar inconvenience—"You forget that I come from Harvard and I'm used to them," he quipped—and spoke soothingly of the new rapport between Israel and the U.S. He met for five hours with Israeli leaders and then flew to Alexandria for talks with Egyptian leaders at President Anwar Sadat's summer residence overlooking the Mediterranean. Then Kissinger was off to Damascus to reassure Syria's President Hafez Assad that his claims were not being ignored. More intensive discussions with the Israelis and Egyptians are scheduled for this week.

Kissinger hopes to have an agreement in principle by next week, before he flies to New York to address a special U.N. session. "There is still a gap but it is narrower," he said in Alexandria. Sadat added: "Up to this moment, I am optimistic." If Kissinger's timetable is met, it would probably take a week or two to work out the wording. Egypt and Israel would then sign a formal document, probably in Geneva.

Listening Posts. The major compromises and concessions had been worked out before Kissinger left Washington: Israel is to give up the Abu Rudeis oilfield and the Giddi and Mitla passes in the Sinai; American technicians are to man listening posts between the two armies; the agreement is to run



*The State Department estimates that the Soviets are helping out to the tune of about \$2 million a month. The Pentagon puts the figure at \$5 million a month, and the CIA estimates that the Kremlin is pumping in \$10 million a month, a figure so high that Secretary of State Kissinger publicly derided it.

THE WORLD

for three years and, while it will not include an Egyptian statement of non-belligerency, it will amount to about that.

But a number of points remained to be ironed out. Among them:

► How many Americans would be involved and in how many posts? Jerusalem wants a U.S. presence at six posts, and is also demanding that Israelis be allowed to run the sophisticated, multi-million-dollar station at Umm Khisheib above the Giddi Pass.

► Where would each army be positioned and what would be the depth of the buffer zone separating them?

► Would the Israelis use an Egyptian road at Abu Rudeis to supply their troops, or would they finish a second road they are now building?

► When would the armies actually change positions? Egypt wants six months to carry out the accord, but Is-

raelis follow through to an agreement, Kissinger will still face another problem on Capitol Hill. "I think we will sell it to Congress," said a senior U.S. official of the agreement. State Department officials emphasize that the Americans involved would be civilians, that they would be strictly neutral and that there would probably be no more than 200 of them. There is talk in Israel, however, of using the Sinai agreement as a precedent and demanding an American presence on the Golan Heights and on the West Bank as well before Israel pulls back on those borders. "Of course it is a possibility," Israel's Foreign Minister Yigal Allon reluctantly admitted in an Israeli TV interview.

Congress is expected to accept a new American commitment in the end, but without enthusiasm. After the Viet Nam experience, many Congressmen will want to know just how big—and how far-reaching—that commitment will be.

Bitter Enemies. If Rabin was under attack, so was Egypt's Sadat, whose Arab allies accuse him of making a separate peace with the enemy. Yasser Arafat, chairman of the Palestine Liberation Organization executive committee, warned of "violent upheavals at all lev-

els" if Israel's withdrawal in the Sinai is not followed by further withdrawals from Jordan's West Bank and the Golan Heights in Syria. More ominously, Syria and Jordan announced the formation of a "supreme political command" to coordinate their stand toward Israel; until recently, they had been bitter enemies. The alliance is both a slap at Egypt and a possible threat to Israel.

Alarmed by the possibility that the Sinai agreement might yet founder, Cairo attacked both the Israeli right-wingers and the radicals on its own side. To assuage its critics, the Egyptian government also made known the fact that it had received two letters from President Ford. One promised to help secure a disengagement on the Syrian front this year; the other promised to take "Palestinian interests" into account in future negotiations.

Even if the Egyptians and the Is-

REFUGEES

The Copter Caper

Despite détente, the Iron Curtain is still a forbidding barrier for Eastern Europeans who would like to live in the West. To penetrate it, desperate refugees swim rivers, crawl under barriers or run a murderous gauntlet of barbed wire, savage patrol dogs and armed guards. One of the boldest escapes of all was carried out last week by an American pilot, Barry Meeker, who whisked three escapees from Czechoslovakia by helicopter.

A Viet Nam veteran who had been shot down seven times on chopper missions, Meeker, 33, had secretly and uneventfully flown a total of eight refugees out of Czechoslovakia on two other occasions, the second only two days earlier. His third trip, as he recounted to TIME Correspondent Christopher Byron, was less routine. Accompanied by a friend, he took off from Munich's Riem Airport in a rented Bell JetRanger helicopter. Avoiding radar detection by sometimes flying as close as 3 ft. to the ground, he crossed the West German border, passed through neutral Austria and at 150 m.p.h. whipped across the Czech frontier near the Moldau reservoir, a sparsely populated wooded vacation area. As before, he was supposed to set down in a meadow, pick up his four passengers—East Germans like all the others—and within seconds be on his way home.

But the plan went awry. The refugees—a middle-aged couple, their daughter and an unrelated male university student—were waiting in the wrong spot. Before they reached Meeker's helicopter, Czech sharpshooters had them in their sights. The two male refugees scrambled inside, but when the girl was 30 ft. from the aircraft, she suddenly stumbled and her leg spouted blood.



KADMONI CONFRONTING ISRAELI POLICE OFFICER AFTER RETURNING HIS MEDAL
The gap was narrower, but there was still some work to be done.

rael is asking for nine months. At best, the shifts would probably not be completed until early next spring.

There was also another question: how much aid, financial and diplomatic, would the U.S. give to Israel for granting concessions to Egypt? The Israelis were requesting a \$3.25 billion package. The U.S. was prepared to offer \$2 billion, a sizable jump over the \$1.5 billion Kissinger was talking about a month ago—and more than eight times what Israel was getting only three years ago. Additionally, Jerusalem wanted assurances that Washington would consult and coordinate with the Israelis on Middle East policymaking.

In Israel and the Arab lands, the proposed agreement stirred angry opposition. The walls of Jerusalem were decorated with savage graffiti and posters calling Premier Yitzhak Rabin a "traitor" and Kissinger himself "Jewboy."

1. Thinking it a novel way to express her affections, Miss Elizabeth Crawford gave Mr. Hamilton a bouquet of flowers. 2. Mr. Hamilton didn't get it. 3. Miss Crawford did.



Announcing the Virginia Slims Flower Offer.

Maybe it's his birthday. Maybe it's an anniversary. Maybe it's "just because." But whether you're making up or breaking up, what man could resist a lovely bouquet of Virginia Slims flowers. So give that guy in your life the surprise of his life.

Send us the coupon below and we'll send him a delightful bouquet of fresh daisies. It's only fair. After all, you've got your own cigarette. Shouldn't he have his own flowers?

You've come a long way, baby.



Mail to:
Virginia Slims Flowers
P.O. Box 25125
Cincinnati, Ohio 45225
For each bouquet ordered, I enclose \$7.50 and 2 pack bottoms from Virginia Slims Regular or Lights cigarettes. (Regular or Lights cigarettes can be delivered no earlier than August 15, 1975, and no later than December 15, 1975) (except Sundays & Holidays) Orders must be pre-authorized 4 weeks before the date you want the flowers delivered. Please read all instructions carefully to insure delivery of the flowers.

Please send one bouquet of daisies to:

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery of flowers.

Offer good only for persons under 21 years of age. Offer good only for regular or lights cigarettes. (Regular or Lights cigarettes can be delivered no earlier than August 15, 1975, and no later than December 15, 1975) (except Sundays & Holidays) Orders must be pre-authorized 4 weeks before the date you want the flowers delivered. Please read all instructions carefully to insure delivery of the flowers.

Regular: 17 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av.
Menthol: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av.
per cigarette, FTC Report April '75

71

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Some people think all we have to do is stick holes in the earth to find oil.

To pinpoint the oil and gas you need, we've got to do much more than that.

To begin with, there's the geophysical exploration and the leasing of the land. Last year, we paid over 500 million dollars for offshore leases alone—just for the right to look for oil and gas.

Next we have to drill to see if there actually is oil or gas underground. Drilling can take up to a year or more. If oil or gas is discovered, we then can begin development drilling.

But drilling is risky and costly. Out of every 50 exploratory wells drilled in search of new oil or gas... only one on the average finds enough to be recovered in commercial amounts.

Then there's the cost. By the latest available figures, the average onshore well in 1973 cost \$107,000, and offshore the average cost of a single well was \$687,000. And if deep drilling is required, the well could cost as much as 1 million dollars or more.

And even if we find oil or gas,

our job isn't over. If a pipeline or storage system is needed, that's at least a two to six month job or even longer—at great cost. Then we have to get the oil to the refinery and manufacture it into the hundreds of products you need.

From the day we start looking for oil or gas to the day we can turn it into a finished product...it could take years and cost millions of dollars. The best way to supply you with the petroleum energy you need is through a free enterprise system that will enable us to generate the necessary capital.



We're working to keep your trust.



DAMAGED BELL HELICOPTER OUTSIDE TRAUNSTEIN HOSPITAL
 "In five seconds," he thought, "we'll all be dead."

Meeker's helper, Thaddäus Kobrzynski, 26, literally threw the wounded girl into the cabin. An instant later, the girl's mother also stumbled, apparently wounded. Kobrzynski sprinted 100 ft. down a grassy hill to help her. At that moment a bullet shattered Meeker's left elbow and hit a rib, a second slammed into the main combustion chamber of the chopper's turbine and a third struck near the fuel tank. "They're aimed shots," Meeker remembers thinking. "In five seconds we'll all be dead."

He screamed to Kobrzynski to abandon the woman and come back, but his voice was drowned by the turbines' whine. Working the controls with his right hand, Meeker lifted off and hovered briefly, trying to draw the guns away from his friend. Realizing that he could no longer help him, Meeker raced for the Austrian border four miles away. Blood from his wounds made his maps unreadable, and the damaged turbine gulped twice as much fuel as it was supposed to. Luckily, Meeker knew his way through the difficult terrain and dangerous wind currents. He set the chopper down where he had landed many times before, next to a hospital at Traunstein, 15 miles inside West Germany. He had 80 seconds of fuel left.

Taste for Danger. Some German papers criticized Meeker as a soldier of fortune, but most West Germans hailed him as a hero, a latter-day Scarlet Pimpernel. In fact, Meeker says he was paid \$3,900 for each mission, and money was not the question. His friends and former colleagues believe him. A handsome, mustachioed graduate of Columbia University who speaks six languages, he is described by a U.S. Army official as "one of those kinds of guys"—a Terry-and-the-Pirates type of airman with a taste for danger. Flying assault and rescue missions in Viet Nam in 1969 and 1970 as a captain, he won two Purple Hearts, three Air Medals, the Bronze Star and the Distinguished Flying Cross.

The Czechs immediately branded Meeker "a bandit" and charged that their troops had been fired on before they began shooting. "Goddamnedest lie I ever heard," said Meeker. "The

most dangerous weapon on board was a ballpoint pen."). Though the West Germans were uncomfortably mulling over the various laws he had broken, including filing false flight plans, he is likely to get off with a wrist slap. More worrisome to Meeker were the uninsured damages to the helicopter, which could cost him anywhere from \$23,000 to \$39,000—unless a benefactor turns up to bail him out.

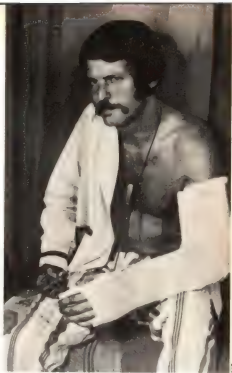
GREECE

Answering to History

Throughout his 21-day trial for high treason and insurrection, former Dictator George Papadopoulos acted as if he still considered himself the most powerful man in Greece. Slavishly deferential, Papadopoulos' 19 co-defendants in the trial at Korydallos Prison on the outskirts of Athens referred to him as "Mr. President." When talking to reporters, the squat, jaunty Papadopoulos assured them that he would not be in jail for long. Disdainfully refusing to enter a plea in his defense, he crowed, "I shall answer only to history and the Greek people." To which Court President Ioannis Deyannis replied, his small sharp features pinched in anger, "Do you think history is absent from this courtroom?"

Papadopoulos shrugged off the question. Less easily shrugged off was the verdict. At week's end Papadopoulos was sentenced to death before a firing squad, along with Nicholas Makarezos and Stylianos Pattakos, his chief aides in the 1967 coup. Of the 17 other defendants, eight drew life imprisonment, including Dimitrios Ioannides, the tough former military police chief; seven received prison terms ranging from five to 20 years; and two were acquitted. When he heard the word *thanaton*—Greek for death—Papadopoulos' fixed smile suddenly disappeared. There is a possibility, however, that the government might commute the three death sentences.

Only a few miles from Korydallos, the men alleged to have been the grand inquisitors of the Papadopoulos regime



PILOT MEEKER RECOVERING

also faced trial. Before a military tribunal, 31 officers and men of ESA, the notorious Greek military police, faced charges of torture. Witness after witness testified that within a week of Papadopoulos' April 21, 1967, coup more than 8,000 had been arrested. Of these, 6,188 were banished into exile. Another 3,500 were subsequently sent to ESA torture centers. One prosecution witness, former Colonel Spyridon Moustaklis, 49, was unable to answer questions because brain damage caused by beatings had left him mute and semiparalyzed. Communicating by groans and gestures, glaring at the defendants, Moustaklis clumsily tore his shirt open to reveal the scars that marked his body. Said his wife: "We have a little girl who has never heard her father's voice." Verdicts on the 31 accused, which could lead to maximum sentences of 25 years, are due next month.

Day of the Coup. One question left unanswered by both trials was whether the American CIA actively supported the seven-year Papadopoulos regime, as is widely believed in Greece. Deyannis forbade almost all discussion of the question by insisting that the court was interested solely in finding out what happened on the day of the coup. The most important testimony touching on the CIA to be admitted during the trial came from Andreas Papandreou, the leader of the Panhellenic Socialist Movement and a volubly anti-American leftist. According to Papandreou, the Greek intelligence service (KYP) was heavily financed and directed by its U.S. counterpart. "I can assure you," he testified, "that these men [the defendants] worked in direct cooperation and correspondence with the Americans."

NORTHERN IRELAND

"May God Avert His Eyes"

Reliving the past, often its worst chapters, seems to be a specialty of Northern Ireland. Six years ago this month, a company of British soldiers was rushed into Londonderry to put down bloody riots that raged out of control after Protestant Ulstermen had staged their traditional Apprentice Boys of Derry Parade; the occasion commemorates a group of young apprentices who, on Aug. 12, 1689, closed the city gates and prevented Londonderry's fall to the troops of the exiled Catholic King James II. During the 1969 march, taunts were traded with Catholics from the Bogside area that adjoins the parade route, and a pitched battle was soon under way, leaving 175 wounded. This year, on the same occasion and on the very same

streetcorners, British soldiers were back in action. They fired plastic bullets and tear-gas grenades into a Catholic mob that had come to lob rocks and bottles at Protestant marchers, who, for the first time since 1969, had been allowed to follow the traditional parade route.

The Londonderry fracas was just one incident in an anniversary week that left eleven dead and 150 injured across Ulster. Among those killed was four-year-old Siobhan McCabe, felled by a sniper's bullet apparently intended for a British soldier. Another was Samuel Llewellyn, 29, a Protestant truck driver who was delivering a load of paperboard in the Catholic Falls Road area of Belfast to help patch up windows shattered in a bomb blast the previous day. Although Llewellyn was making the delivery at the request of a Catholic welfare organization, he was dragged from the truck by a Catholic mob, beaten and shot five times.

Last week, in an unprecedented gesture of atonement, hundreds of Catholics turned out for Llewellyn's funeral procession, and Father Aodh Bennett of the Clonard Monastery near Falls Road held prayer services for the soul of "our brother Samuel." Father Bennett said, however, that he would not reveal the names of the two Catholic thugs who he suspects led the mob in Llewellyn's slaughter. "They'll be punished by their own people," he said, "and when that happens, may God avert his eyes."

Indefinite Truce. By the end of last week, the six-year casualty totals in Ulster's long-running sectarian warfare between a Protestant majority (1,037,600) and a Catholic minority (474,900) stood at 1,290 dead and 12,807 injured. Since the militant Provisional wing of the Irish Republican Army declared an indefinite "truce" last February, the casualties among British soldiers have been greatly reduced. Five members of the 13,000-man force have been killed since the cease-fire began, compared with 16 in

the previous seven months. But the civilian killing has continued unabated, with 121 dead and 668 injured since February. Not all the violence has been between the warring religious camps. To enforce discipline within their ranks, paramilitary organizations of both sides have "kneecapped" some 90 men—shooting them through the knee or, in one recent ghastly episode, by subjecting them to a "Black & Decker drill job."

Despite the increasing bloodshed, leading Catholic and Protestant politicians began a new round of talks last week in preparation for the Constitutional Convention that is scheduled to reconvene on Sept. 9. Although they have spent several months skirting the difficult issues, convention delegates know they can no longer postpone dealing with the two main areas of disagreement: power sharing for the Catholics, who are virtually excluded from positions of responsibility in Ulster; and the "Irish dimension," a Catholic proposal for some formal cooperation between the governments of Belfast and Dublin.

Face-Saving Formula. Only last year politicians had literally spat in each other's faces. This time, perhaps because they realize that time may be running out, the atmosphere was better: Catholic Politician Paddy Devlin was even seen walking with his arm on the shoulder of Northern Ireland's most vociferous apostle of Protestant supremacy, the Rev. Ian Paisley. But atmosphere is one thing, and substance another. The Protestant Loyalists offered to let Catholics serve as chairmen of several key legislative committees, but they maintained that Catholics could not rightly lay claim to any Cabinet posts. The largely Catholic Social Democratic and Labor Party (S.D.L.P.), meanwhile, insisted that it was willing to accept nothing less than representation at the Cabinet level. Having reached this impasse less than 90 minutes after the talks began, the delegates abruptly adjourned the meeting. Even if politicians can devise some artful, face-saving compromise formula in future meetings, the chances are that extremists on one side or the other will seek to sabotage it.

Thus, after six years, the British army is still caught in a couple of seemingly insoluble dilemmas. If it should pull out, the upshot would probably be all-out civil war. Yet the army's presence is a constant temptation to snipers and the resulting casualties may eventually create a "bring-the-boys-home" mood in England. Meanwhile, the "Loyalist" camp, uncertain of Britain's dedication to Northern Ireland, is already becoming a Protestant Irish independence movement—one capable of fielding an army of some 25,000 men. In effect, the British Army faces an impossible task. It is supposed to create the security in which a political solution can be pursued. Such security, however, cannot be attained as long as there is no political solution.

POLICEMAN FACING MOB IN LONDONDERRY



MOURNERS WITH COFFIN OF FOUR-YEAR-OLD CHILD KILLED BY SNIPER'S BULLET IN BELFAST



Stouffer's introduces fancy cooking for when you don't fancy cooking.

Stouffer's two newest main dishes are meals fit for a gourmet.

Yet they're ready in about 15 minutes. Just by popping each dish's two cooking pouches in boiling water.

Our Beef Stroganoff is the classic kind. Tender slices of beef in a smooth sour cream sauce. Complete with a separate



pouch of parsley noodles. And Stouffer's Scallops and Shrimp Mariner is our delicately seasoned specialty for seafood lovers. Whole scallops and shrimp in a creamy sauce blended with parmesan cheese. Complete with a separate pouch of fluffy rice.

Complicated dishes. In just 15 minutes. That's something to catch anybody's fancy. It's a good day for Stouffer's.



The Galliano Mist.

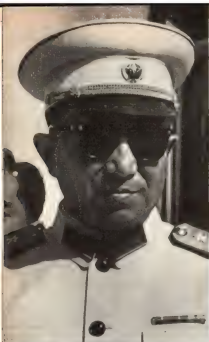
The drink that ends the day and begins the evening.

How to make a Galliano Mist.
Pour Liqueur Galliano® over
ice, squeeze in one quarter of
a lime, and drop in. Et voilà.

LIQUEUR GALLIANO

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GENERAL LO JUI-CHING



VICE PREMIER TENG HSIAO-PING

CHINA

Fighting the Factions

Sabotage, strikes, production slowdowns, high living by plant managers—the problems would be familiar in any Western industrial nation. But in China? Yet lately the Chinese press has been full of references to turmoil in the country's factories. Officials have been attacked for their "bourgeois style of living" and "use of materials, money, feasts and beautiful women." The papers have bemoaned splits among workers and disruptive strikes.

The fact that Peking's tightly controlled press is discussing these troubles so candidly does not mean that the country has plunged into a new period of strife. But it does indicate the government's deep concern with a persistent problem in China: political factionalism.

In major cities like Hangchow, Canton and Wuhan, as well as in the industrial province of Heilungkiang in the northeast, political bickering has "greatly disrupted and undermined our revolution and production," as one Chinese radio broadcast put it. On the surface the disputes center on the perennial issue of "material incentives"—that is, higher wages. In many cities, there is evidence that workers, whose salaries average a spartan \$30 a month, are demanding increases.

At the root of the bickering is a continuing struggle for power between China's radicals and moderates—a struggle that burst into the open during the 1966-69 Cultural Revolution and has never really been fully resolved. Radical groups are upset that many of the officials who were disgraced during the Cultural Revolution have been reinstated—most notably Vice Premier Teng

Hsiao-ping, the most powerful man in China after Chairman Mao Tse-tung and Premier Chou En-lai. They also object to the moderates' emphasis on production and their slighting of ideological struggle. The radicals seem to be egging on dissatisfied workers to create problems for the moderates; in some places they may be hoping to replace local officials by making it impossible for them to maintain order.

The most serious incident came a little more than a month ago, in the ancient garden city of Hangchow. In the words of one Chinese newspaper, factories were "unable to increase production because of bourgeois factionalism and sabotage by class enemies." At the end of July, some 10,500 troops were sent into the plants in Hangchow to "participate in industrial labor and support socialist construction"—meaning, to enforce party discipline and get the factories back to work. Apparently determined to make the Hangchow case an example for the country, Peking decided to publish accounts of the entire incident. By the time press reports appeared, however, the trouble was over.

A Modern Army. The moderates' success in Hangchow is convincing evidence of their strong position as China prepares for the passing of Mao, 81, and the older generation of revolutionary leaders. Many China watchers believe the moderates are already revising or even abandoning some of Mao's precepts. One recent instance of this was the rehabilitation of the former Armed Forces Chief of Staff, General Lo Jui-ching, 69. As one of the initial victims of the Cultural Revolution, Lo was publicly humiliated by fanatic young Red Guards as far back as 1966. He was no-

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torious in those days as an advocate of building a modern army equipped with sophisticated weapons rather than relying on the guerrilla warfare concepts of Mao. Thus, China watchers see his reinstatement in the Communist Party as a sign that China will be moving more toward the kind of elite, professional military that Mao has long resisted.

The emphasis on increased production also has a non-Maoist element. Of course, not even the Great Helmsman would oppose higher productivity; all groups in China agree on that goal. But it was at Mao's insistence that a clause guaranteeing the workers' right to strike was included in China's new constitution early this year. That right is not exactly being promoted by the presence of thousands of soldiers in the factories of Hangchow. In the view of many observers, party control and productivity are taking priority over Mao's desire for ideological purity. In that sense, China has already taken a few steps into the post-Mao era.

BANGLADESH

After the Massacre

"Bangladesh had its massacre," said a senior Western diplomat in Dacca, the capital, last week. "It still awaits its coup." The bloody upheaval that ended the government, and the life, of Sheikh Mujibur Rahman two weeks ago (TIME, Aug. 25) was the work of about a dozen young officers (most of them majors). According to the same diplomat, "They are too powerful to be arrested but not powerful enough to run the country."

His point was that the young officers were strong enough to fend off challenges from their superiors in the army but that in order to form a government, they had been obliged to turn to a respected member of Mujib's Cabinet, Commerce Minister Khondakar Mush-taque Ahmed, to serve as their front man. By week's end, the officers were reported to have retired to a behind-the-scenes role, leaving Khondakar in charge—and the country in a state of confusion.

Though all foreign correspondents have been expelled from the country, a few more details about the men who engineered the coup began to emerge. Several had been dismissed from the army for anti-Indian prejudice and were believed to be more militantly Moslem than Mujib's secular regime. Like many other officers, they were fearful of the growing power of Mujib's special security force, the 25,000-man Rakkhi Bahini. They may have been alarmed by reports that Mujib was planning to put the armed forces under control of the ruling Awami League party. They were also displeased by Mujib's increasingly authoritarian tactics, the rising corruption within his government and his in-

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ability to cope with the crushing problems of Bangladesh, a destitute and overcrowded country the size of Wisconsin that has a population of 75 million.

When they struck, the officers had only about 200 soldiers behind them, but they moved with deadly speed. The focus of their pre-dawn attack was the cream-colored mansion of Sheikh Mujib. Everyone inside was killed, including Mujib, his wife and several other members of his family; overall, perhaps 100 died during the takeover. At the end of last week the capital appeared calm under martial law. About a dozen M-47 tanks, their gun muzzles covered, were posted at main intersections, and soldiers leaned against the machines as pedestrians walked by. More ominous than the tanks, however, was the sense of uncertainty that seemed to pervade the new regime.

Yards of Fabric. Even the name of the country was in dispute. On the morning of the coup, Radio Bangladesh had declared that the nation would no longer be known as the "People's Republic" but as the "Islamic Republic" of Bangladesh. That would have been a significant change as far as its powerful neighbors, Hindu India and Moslem Pakistan, were concerned. Ever since Bangladesh broke away from Pakistan in 1971 and became independent, it has been at odds with the Islamabad regime and closely aligned with India and the Soviet Union. Pakistan's Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto was so delighted by the change in Bangladesh that he hastened to recognize the new government and urged all Arab and Third World countries to do likewise. In addition, he offered Bangladesh 50,000 tons of grain and 15 million yards of fabric.

Last week, however, the new government of Bangladesh let it be known that the country would continue to be called the "People's Republic" after all. The reason for the quick about-face may have been the displeasure of India's Prime Minister Indira Gandhi. Having gone to war in 1971 on behalf of Bangladesh in its struggle against Pakistan, India would be unlikely to tolerate any strong new relationship between the two countries that were formerly known as West and East Pakistan.

Apparently, the officers who overthrew Mujib timed their coup for Aug. 15, the anniversary of Indian independence. They figured that the New Delhi government would be preoccupied that day—a sort of Yom Kippur P.S. situation," as a Western diplomat put it. The coup was over so quickly that New Delhi had no time to respond militarily. Later, however, when New Delhi warned that it could not "remain unaffected by these political developments in a neighboring country," the new rulers of Bangladesh appealed to India for "friendship and cooperation."

Most Western diplomats believe that Bangladesh's troubles are far from over. Khondakar is not yet a strong enough



FIDEL CASTRO VISITING A CATTLE-BREEDING STATION RUN BY OLDER BROTHER RAMÓN, LEFT. Money piled up 90 miles off Key West and ready to buy.

figure to rule the country effectively, and fighting could break out among the various military groups at any time. More ominous still is the possibility that if fighting should break out, Indira Gandhi might be tempted to send her army across the border, as she did so successfully in December 1971.

CUBA

Crack in the Boycott

For 14 years, the U.S. has maintained a trade boycott against Cuba as part of a policy of trying to isolate the Communist island country from the rest of the hemisphere. Last week, in the most significant change in that policy to date, the State Department announced a partial lifting of the boycott. Direct trade with Cuba is still banned. But U.S. firms with overseas subsidiaries will now be allowed to make unrestricted sales to Cuba from their foreign-owned plants; foreign merchant vessels will be allowed to refuel in U.S. ports even if they have previously called in Cuban ports; and countries that trade with Cuba will be eligible to receive U.S. food supplies distributed under U.S. Public Law 480.

For some time, Cuba's Premier Fidel Castro has been sending out signals indicating that he would welcome a policy change. As long as two years ago, he promised to begin arresting skyjackers who sought asylum in Cuba. In June he quietly expelled three skyjackers and let the U.S. know they could be picked up in San Juan, Puerto Rico. He returned \$2 million in ransom money that had been taken to Cuba in 1972 by the skyjacks of a Southern Airways DC-9. He

also toned down the anti-American rhetoric on Cuban radio concerning the U.S. naval base at Guantánamo.

Perhaps most important, Castro gradually convinced the U.S. that Cuba was no longer "exporting revolution" to the hemisphere. When Senator George McGovern visited Cuba last May, Castro discussed the 1962 missile crisis with him. "I was furious when Khrushchev compromised," Castro said. "But I realize in retrospect that he reached the proper settlement with Kennedy. If my position had prevailed, there would have been a terrible war. I was wrong."

Purely Pragmatic. Last year the U.S. reluctantly agreed to permit the shipment to Cuba of some \$80 million worth of automobiles manufactured by General Motors, Ford and Chrysler in their Argentine subsidiaries. That decision, however, was purely pragmatic. The Buenos Aires government had warned that if such permission were denied, Argentina would expropriate the U.S.-owned production lines. Last week's action—taken only three days before the foreign ministers of the world's nonaligned nations were due to begin a conference in Lima—merely extended the previous ruling to cover all U.S. firms with foreign subsidiaries.

Secretary of State Henry Kissinger still maintains that a full resumption of U.S. trade and diplomatic relations with Cuba would be "premature." But as the vice president of the Cuban Agrarian Reform Institute, Solano Pina, told McGovern: "Don't forget, we need about \$3 billion in equipment for our new [farm development] program, and we're ready to buy." With that kind of money piled up only 90 miles off Key West, U.S. businessmen are already putting pressure on Washington

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DICK & LIZ START UP AGAIN

Their first marriage survived ten years, produced more bad scenes than a B movie, and finally finished in divorce 14 months ago. Now **Elizabeth Taylor**, 43, and **Richard Burton**, 49, appear strong enough for a second try. "This is not a trial reconciliation, it is permanent," proclaimed Pressagent **John Springer** of his clients, who met in Switzerland last week following Taylor's six-month tour in Russia for the filming of *The Bluebird*. With Taylor apparently having parked her current beau, Used Car Dealer **Harry Wynberg**, she and Burton have planned a trip to Israel to test their re-born romance. For the time being the couple are acting coy about another wedding. At the moment, said a friend, marriage "is a very private matter for Mr. Burton and Miss Taylor to decide."

It was a royal flush for Fleet Street's sensation seeker, the London *Daily Mirror*. **Princess Anne** GETS OBSCENE PHONE CALLS, headlined the paper, disclosing that a devious dialer had uncovered Anne's top-secret number at the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst, where she and Husband **Mark Phillips** live. Only two days after the number was changed, reported the *Mirror*, the off-color caller discovered the new royal connection, resumed his work, and at one point "started to whistle the national anthem" before the princess could hang up. Though Buckingham Palace spokesmen dismissed the business as a simple case of "nuisance calls" and denied that Anne herself had actually heard the prankster, police confirmed that there had indeed been some "deep breathing" on the line. Scotland Yard launched an investigation, and the Department of Industry set a trap for the mysterious caller.



DAKIN WILLIAMS & BROTHER TENNESSEE GET TOGETHER TO PONDER POLITICS

"Dakin is the greatest eccentric in America and maybe in the world," says Playwright **Tennessee Williams** of his brother, **Dakin Williams**, 56, Tennessee, 64, who has his own unconventional side, might have a point. Though Attorney **Dakin** already has a string of Illinois political defeats to his credit, including a 650,000-vote loss to Senator **Adlai Stevenson III** in 1974, he is now running for Governor against Incumbent **Dan Walker** and former northern Illinois District Attorney **Jim Thompson**. "I think I'm almost a shoo-in," asserts Williams, a conservative Democrat whose platform calls for busing teachers instead of pupils and moving the state capital from Springfield to Chicago because "Springfield is a dog place when it comes to restaurants." This week he hopes to get Brother Tennessee's endorsement at a press conference. "He cut me out of his will," says Dakin, "but we are back on good terms." Tennessee, however, says that he opposes most of his brother's policies and has never had much interest in politics anyway. "I only voted once," he reflects "That was for **Norman Thomas**."

"I thought it would be fun to be in front of the camera instead of behind for a change—especially since I've said such bad things about actors," chuckled Author **Truman Capote**, trying to explain why he had signed up for his first movie



TRUMAN CAPOTE SETS OUT ON A STAR TRIP

role ever. Capote, the scriptwriter for *Beat the Devil* and *The Innocents*, will portray an eccentric, killer-minded billionaire in a **Neil Simon** comedy titled *Murder by Death*. "The movie will have more special effects than *Rosemary's Baby* and *The Exorcist* combined," claimed Truman, whose co-stars will include **Peter Falk**, **Alec Guinness** and **Elsa Lanchester**. Has the author of *In Cold Blood* finally changed his mind about thespian intelligence? "Actors are stupid, but I'm not stupid," he replied. "Anyway, this will give them a chance to carve me up."

PEOPLE



EDY ALIGHTS ON MICKEY COHEN

Ex-Mobster **Mickey Cohen**, now 61 and dependent on a cane, gets around nonetheless. His latest conquest is Actress **Edy Williams**, 33, former wife of soft-core Pornographer **Russ Meyer** (producer of such unrememberable screen classics as *Vixen*). "He's my Sir Galahad. He's incredibly strong. I only hope some of his strength rubs off on me," says Edy of her hero, whom she met at Boxer **Bobby Chacon's** Los Angeles training camp while posing for publicity pictures. "I'm used to guys chasing me, but when we were introduced he just stood back and I chased him instead," confessed Edy, adding that she is not quite ready yet to start sharing Cohen's digs. "He's a very orderly man. I'm very messy like all artistic people, and I think that might upset him."

Relations between British Tory Leader **Margaret Thatcher** and her ousted predecessor, **Ted Heath**, are as frosty as ever, but the two Conservatives do have one thing in common. Both like to be photographed in yachting hats at the helm of a boat. Ocean-Racer **Heath**, however, need fear no competition from Thatcher, who last week on holiday was content to be aboard the twin-engine *Melita* on the placid canals of Brittany. "It really is so important to keep a boat tidy," counseled the Tories' First Lady.



MARGARET THATCHER AT THE HELM

"Any housewife will tell you, the smaller the space, the more important it is to have everything in its place." Even so, might there be time between chores to catch Prime Minister **Harold Wilson's** economic address on the telly? "I can do without seeing Harold for a week," snapped Margaret. "I am sure he feels the same way about me."

Cleveland may not be big enough for Washington *Post* Reporter **Sally Quinn** any more. In her new book, *We're Going to Make You a Star*, Quinn describes her trip to Ohio to promote her short-lived stint on the CBS *Morning News*. "In Cleveland we had a breakfast interview at our hotel, the Hollenden House, the city's best, though it looked a bit seedy to me," writes Quinn and goes on to call the reporter, Cleveland *Plain Dealer* Radio-TV Critic **William Hickey**, "the guy who wore white shoes." Not only was Quinn wrong about his shoes, claims Hickey, but the interview took place in midafternoon and at a downtown eatery called *Pierre's*. "I asked her one question, noted her answer, and published it in full the next day," says Hickey. "I never once mentioned that I found her singularly unattractive, or that I considered her dull and vapid. In fact, I gave her the benefit of every doubt, and acted accordingly." Back to you, Sally.



BLAIR RETURNS TO HER OLD HAUNTS

Hollywood is living up to its reputation as Sequel City. After *Godfather II* and then *French Connection II*, what could be more natural than *The Exorcist Part II*? Sure enough, Warner Bros. has announced plans for a follow-up to the 1973 thriller, based on a young priest who digs up some of Exorcist **Max von Sydow's** old cases. Also featured once again will be Actress **Linda Blair**, 16, shivering as a 17-year-old high school senior who is still a bit dizzy from her earlier bout with demons. This time, however, Blair will not be repossessed, nor will she speak in any tongues but her own. Her paycheck for *Part II*? A devilish \$350,000, plus a substantial bonus based on box office receipts.

A 27-city "Tour of the Americas" earned \$3 million in take-home pay for the Rolling Stones this year, but two of the British band members may come up a little short. Lead Guitarist **Keith Richards**, who was busted for reckless driving outside Fordyce, Ark., on July 5, declined to show up in court and defend himself, in effect admitting guilt and forfeiting his bail—a modest \$163.50. Singer **Mick Jagger**, however, did appear in California's Alameda County superior court, resplendent in sky blue waistcoat, glossy black trousers and light doekins loafers, to fight a \$690,000 default judgment rendered against him last year. That amount had been awarded to California ranchers who claimed that their land had been trampled during the Stones' 1969 concert at Altamont. Jagger pleaded for a new trial, and Judge **Robert Kroninger** promised to consider the matter. The rock star left smiling, allowing that a day in court was really not so bad. Said Jagger: "Man, I've spent full days in jail before."

Spacing Out The Networks

Can a \$6.5 million show tailor-made for national TV survive rejection by all three networks and win success anyway? The Independent Television Corp., the producer of *Space: 1999*, has few doubts that its elaborate new science-fiction adventure series can do just that. This fall it will be aired over local stations in the ten top television markets and in 136 other cities around the country. With confidence bordering on brashness, I.T.C. predicts that it is giving the networks their biggest ever prime-time challenge and in the process producing the season's first big hit.

Space is the glossiest and one of the most expensive new shows of the fall season. It is a futuristic Arthurian fantasy in which 311 workers in a lunar space station are cut off from earth when a giant explosion hurls the moon onto an uncharted trajectory. Led by the intrepid commander, John Koenig, the crew overcomes such obstacles as Gwent, the man turned machine: Arra (played by Margaret Leighton), the queen of the enormous planet Astheria; and the temptress of the heavens, the Guardian of Piri. The special effects far exceed anything on *Star Trek*. They include fleets of hovering cockroach-shaped spaceships, squads of yellow moon bugs, and an array of enticing equipment from whatever passes for the Abercrombie & Fitch of intergalactic travel. Laser beams are flashed around like Saturday night specials.

Koenig and his crew wear inter-

changeable unisex gear designed by Rudi Gernreich. The stars are Martin Landau and Barbara Bain, the hit team of *Mission: Impossible*. There is even the nucleus of an audience ready for *Space* the Trekkies who have been homeless since 1969, when *Star Trek* went off the air. Dedicated cultists, they have made do with reruns, conventions and newsletters as they wait for big-time sci fi to come back to the small screen.

None of this, however, meant a thing to the networks when they were offered the series last spring. All three turned it down. I.T.C. promptly sold its package—24 original shows with 28 mandatory reruns—here and in 101 foreign countries. Ninety-five percent of the U.S. stations planning to air *Space* are affiliates of the networks. Most of them are scheduling it in prime time, pre-empting such new shows as *The Invisible Man*, *Fay and Phyllis* and established hits like *Rhoda*, *Cher* and *Sanford and Son*. *Space*'s success could not only bite deeply into the audience ratings for network shows, but perhaps even sink a couple in the first few critical weeks.

Frankenstein Soap

The networks have passed up Producer Norman Lear's new idea, too. *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* is a soap opera with a difference. In the first two episodes, Housewife Mary, the thirtyish, pigtailed and sex-starved heroine, receives a number of rude shocks. No sooner has she seen her boyish but impotent husband Tom off to work at the Fernwood auto plant and settled down to watch the soaps than her sister, Cathy,

drops by. "Say," observes Cathy, "your floors have waxy yellow buildup." Stunned Mary replies: "But the can it's a lovely even glow." Cathy knows what the matter is: "It's Tom, isn't it?"

Mary hardly has her breath back before her neighbor Loretta, an aspiring country singer and child bride of the bald but virile Charlie, drops by to report a mass murder. "The Lombardi their three kids, two goats and eight chickens." An astonished Mary says, "What kind of madman would kill two goats and eight chickens?"

Fernwood Flasher. That night Mary snuggles up to Tom, who is in bed loading a pistol he has bought to protect his family from the mass murderer. She nibbles his ear. Barks Tom: "Cut out." Mary replies, "It's been five weeks." The *Reader's Digest* has counseled her to assert herself, but Tom has different advice: "Act like a woman." "You mean do nothing?" asks Mary. "That's right," says Tom.

Dawn has hardly broken over the unhappy Hartman household when the phone rings. It is the police, who have arrested Mary's Grandpa Larkin as "the Fernwood Flasher." A shocked Mary says, "I can't talk now; I'm on the phone." Meanwhile, Tom is at work being regaled by Charlie with the song that his Loretta wrote about mass murder—from the murderer's point of view. "That's not a subject for singing," says Tom. "Course it is," replies Charlie. "Country and western is all about rethings like murder, amputations, fauces dripping in the night..." Then Loretta breaks into *I'm an Engineer*.

To the 9½ million soap followers, the fast and funny scenario may sound too good to be true. The average soap has tortuously slow plot so full of digressions that weeks can go by before the heroine is forced to decide whether to pat her nails pink or red. Sex and violence only simmer; it can take years for marriage and divorce merely to be broached.

For seven years, Norman Lear has longed to change all that. In between producing *Maude*, *Good Times* and *The Jeffersons*, he mullied over the soap. Then last fall CBS put up \$100,000 for a couple of episodes. He told writers to work up something with mass murder, exhibitionism and impotence. The thought he was joking, but he denies it. "It isn't satire—that's five minutes of a variety show. I wasn't trying to go comedy from mass murder or impotence—they aren't funny—but from people's reactions to them."

Finally, Ann Marcus, a veteran soap writer, came up with a script that met Lear's requirements. He then persuaded a reluctant Louise Lasser, Woody Allen's ex-wife and co-star in *Bananas*, to play Mary. "I was a little afraid of the material at first," says Lasser, whose l-

MARGARET LEIGHTON PLAYS THE MYSTERIOUS QUEEN ARRA OF ASTHERIA



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5.75%	10 years	5,810.48	20,810.48
	15 years	14,115.66	36,615.66
	20 years	27,642.33	57,642.33
	25 years	48,115.47	85,615.47
6.50%	10 years	6,753.32	21,753.32
	15 years	16,667.15	39,167.15
	20 years	33,205.52	63,205.52
	25 years	58,888.50	96,388.50
6.75%	10 years	7,078.74	22,078.74
	15 years	17,564.10	40,064.10
	20 years	35,198.60	65,198.60
	25 years	62,824.04	100,324.04
7.50%	10 years	8,090.04	23,090.04
	15 years	20,404.07	42,904.07
	20 years	41,633.37	71,633.37
	25 years	75,789.36	113,289.36
7.75%	10 years	8,439.17	23,439.17
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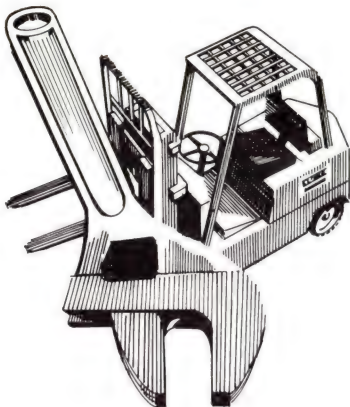


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Lyttens



LOUISE LASSER, AS MARY HARTMAN, TRIES TO SEDUCE HER HUSBAND TOM. Mass murder, exhibitionism and impotence, all in the first week.

thargic portrayal of the permanently stunned Mary is a comic turn on its own. Before long, she fell in love with what she calls "the Frankenstein soap."

So far, *Mary* has attracted inquiries from local stations, but no takers. Lear is a patient man, however. It took him four years to get rid of that show nobody even wanted to look at let alone buy. Its name: *All in the Family*.

Out of Focus

By any financial standard, CBS is the top network. It has posted record earnings for 17 consecutive quarters and, according to a *Television Digest* report released last week, its 1974 pretax profits (\$110 million) were almost double those of its two competitors combined. Chairman William Paley, 73, who has run the network for almost 50 years, should feel a bit cheery. But Paley is fretful these days. He is upset by, of all things, a book, and a bad one at that.

CBS, Reflections in a Bloodshot Eye is an unauthorized history of his communications empire. Written by New York Times Financial Columnist Robert Metz, it begins with the takeover of the small new network by the 27-year-old Paley, who arrived in New York from Philadelphia in 1928, bolstered by his father's cigar-manufacturing fortune. The book then meanders repetitiously through the company's long but successful drive to overtake giant NBC. Among Metz's claims:

- Jack Benny, who switched from NBC to CBS in 1948, drawing much of NBC's top talent with him, was rewarded in 1963 by a two-word dismissal "You're through," said James Aubrey, then head of CBS programming.

- CBS's role in combating the demagoguery of Senator Joseph McCarthy

in the '50s was far less noble than it has been portrayed. The network followed the political blacklist in its hiring. Paley was never behind Edward R. Murrow's famous documentary series *See It Now*, and Murrow and Co-Producer Fred Friendly spent their own money to advertise it. Paley eventually killed the show, saying: "I don't want this constant stomach-ache every time you do a controversial subject."

- In the early '60s Paley became envious of the growing prestige of his No. 2 man, President Frank Stanton. Though Paley had long led Stanton to believe that he would become chairman when Paley retired in 1966, he reneged and decided to stay on. The two men distrusted each other thereafter until Stanton's retirement in 1973.

- Paley is now disenchanted with his new president, Arthur Taylor, 40, as well, and he is looking for another successor.

- In attempting to become a conglomerate, CBS has made some onerous acquisitions. To compete with RCA, it bought Hytron, a manufacturer of inferior TV sets, and finally abandoned it at a loss of \$50 million. Shortly after CBS bought the New York Yankees in 1964, the glamorous team became a second-division bore. It was sold in 1973.

- Arrogant and aloof, Paley is an absentee executive who vacations sometimes for months with his exquisite wife Barbara ("Babe"). As a result, CBS is "rudderless," without any real sense of direction.

The first reaction at CBS was a judicious silence. The second was to point out the errors, which Kidder Meade, vice president of corporate affairs, did in a five-page letter to the publisher, Playboy Press. Paley then elaborated with a personal list of 35 grievances.

TELEVISION

Some complaints are trivial; others are more important. Two of Metz's assertions concerning Paley's performance and character, however, seem to have particularly enraged him: that he does not pay enough attention to CBS and that he harbors ambivalent feelings about his Russian Jewish origins. "It makes me boil to be considered 'an absentee landlord,'" Paley retorted. "Few people have been closer and more intimately involved in the growth and progress of a company than I have." Paley also insists that he has pride in his heritage and has supported Jewish causes since his youth.

Strewn Clichés. Without all the publicity CBS has given it, the book might just have disappeared. Given a fascinating subject, Metz has produced a dull and amateurish chronicle. Clichés are strewn generously across every page, like bread crumbs, to guide the illiterate. Metz's people live "high on the hog," have an "appreciation for feminine pulchritude," give it "the old college try," and "turn a nice dollar" from a "pretty penny." Preparing for their "swan song," they, of course, do things differently in "this day and age" from what they did in "days of yore."

Metz says nothing much about the way CBS handles the news and nothing at all about a program format that emphasizes violence. Crime shows, Metz admits, bore him, and he could not be bothered to watch them. It seems, in fact, that he has seen very little television. There is no general discussion at all of what the network sends out over the airwaves and only occasional reflections on its quality. CBS deserves a more insightful, more searching and more intelligently critical biography—and so does the reader.

BILL & BABE PALEY IN VENICE



More Trouble on The Busing Route

As the opening of another school year approaches, the U.S. faces fresh agonies over an old and divisive issue: desegregation of the public schools. Racial integration of the nation's classrooms remains the law of the land, but public support for large-scale busing of schoolchildren to achieve that goal, never very broad to begin with, now seems to be eroding rapidly. The Ford Administration has made no secret of its own distaste for busing. At the same time, the courts have helped create confusion by making contradictory rulings in two large cities that are struggling to satisfy desegregation orders.

BOSTON: Minimal Compliance

For the second year in a row, Boston seems headed for turmoil over busing. Federal District Court Judge W. Arthur Garrity's Phase Two plan for school desegregation, announced in May, calls for the busing of some 25,000 students, up from 18,000 last year, to ensure that the racial mixture at most Boston schools approximates the citywide student ratio

of 52% white, 36% black and 12% other minorities. But the Boston school committee, a steadfast opponent of busing, has been stalling on preparations for transportation, security and other matters. Recently, Garrity postponed school opening by one week, to Sept. 8, to give the school committee more time to act. Last week, with busing procedures still in chaos, the judge summoned committee members to his courtroom and sat them down with representatives of the Citywide Coordinating Council, a citizens' panel set up by Garrity as a watchdog over Phase Two. "The best way I know to frustrate the plan is delay, delay, delay, so that a shambles exists on opening day," Garrity lectured. "That's not going to happen."

The school committee was also taken to task last week by the six-member U.S. Civil Rights Commission, which has a congressional mandate to monitor the enforcement of civil rights laws. In a 223-page study of the city's school crisis, the commission bluntly accused the committee of a "deliberate policy of minimal compliance" with desegregation orders and urged Garrity to remove its authority over Boston's schools if the foot dragging continues. The commis-

sion also chided President Ford for his "equivocal support" of Garrity's court order last year.

Given the tempers on all sides, the prospects are that Boston will need every one of the more than 2,000 police and National Guardsmen who will be on hand to try to keep the peace when the buses begin to roll week after next. Boston's black community, which remained generally quiet last year, has grown increasingly restive about undiminished white opposition to busing. Indeed, sparks have already begun to fly. Last week several hundred members of the Committee Against Racism marched on city hall to demand that antibusing activists be indicted for violating the rights of schoolchildren.

DETROIT: Court Retreat

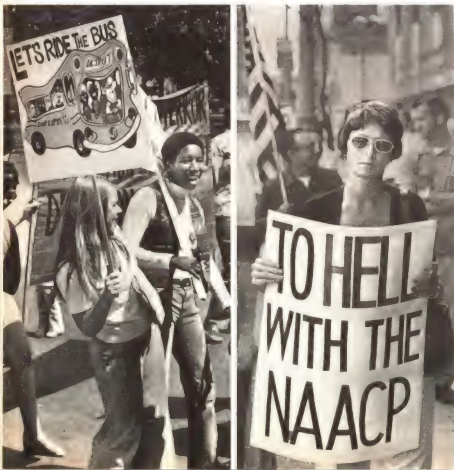
Citing what he called "the practicalities of the situation," Federal District Court Judge Robert E. DeMascio rejected two cumbersome plans that had been prepared to put into effect a Supreme Court desegregation order. One of them, proposed by the N.A.A.C.P., would have bused some 77,000 of Detroit's 260,000 public school pupils up to twelve miles across town each day to bring about racial balance in the city's predominantly (71.5%) black classrooms. The other plan, prepared by the Detroit Board of Education, called for the busing of 51,000 students, with primary concentration on leveling the racial mix in heavily white schools.

DeMascio argued plausibly that almost any large-scale busing scheme would yield only "negligible desegregation results" in the Motor City. Last year the Supreme Court ruled out "cross-district" busing of students between the city and the mostly white suburbs; thus limited to the city proper, busing could not do much more than merely shuffle students from one predominantly black school to another. The judge thought either plan would entail a massive effort, including the purchase of hundreds of buses, to little real effect. He called for new proposals that would accept any school with a black enrollment of more than 30% as sufficiently desegregated, a standard that is met at present by 79% of Detroit's 326 public schools.

The N.A.A.C.P. denounced DeMascio's judgment as a "whitewash." But many Detroiters, including the city's black mayor Coleman Young, praised the decision. With audible relief, Young said he did not "believe we have the ingredients in this order for another Boston or Little Rock."

Yet there are several other potential trouble spots round the nation. In Indianapolis, whose school system is 42% black, a federal appeals court last week stayed a lower court's ruling that would

OPPOSING DEMONSTRATORS IN DETROIT ON DAY OF BUSING RULING



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have required eight suburban school districts to accept enough black pupils from downtown to increase their black enrollment to 15%; the stay order is expected to be appealed. In Louisville, a federal court recently ruled that 22,600 students must be bused to bring the newly merged county and city school systems, now 5% and 53% black respectively, into racial balance. In Philadelphia's school system, which is 62% black, the new year begins with no integration plan in effect, but Commonwealth Court Judge Theodore Rogers has been hearing testimony on two proposals, one of which calls for massive busing between the city and some of its suburbs.

The court activity in these and other cities suggests that the national commitment to school desegregation may be severely tested this year. Indeed, an increasing tolerance among moderate blacks of a cooler, slower pace of desegregation is already becoming apparent in some cities. Militants, of course, have long scoffed at the idea that black children must be seated next to whites in order to receive a good education. But today such black mayors as Detroit's Young and Atlanta's Maynard Jackson concede that busing poses formidable economic and political problems that must be reckoned with. Even University of Chicago Sociologist James Coleman, one of the most influential early advocates of classroom desegregation, now argues that mandated busing on a large scale has "acted to further separate blacks and whites rather than bring them together." That may be all too evident on the streets of Boston and perhaps other cities as school doors open over the next several weeks.

The Women Come Back

The boys at Vassar and Sarah Lawrence were the B.M.O.C.s just a few years ago as women's colleges rushed to open their gates to men. The nationwide push for coeducation in the early '70s brought hard times to women's schools that chose to exclude men. Enrollment tumbled, alumnae panicked and school officials scrambled to recruit new students. Now, however, the picture is changing dramatically. All-women's colleges will open this fall with their highest enrollment in four years.

According to the Women's College Coalition, a Washington-based group representing half the nation's 140 women's colleges, enrollment is up 3% over last year. More significant, applications are up a healthy 7%. At some schools, among them Marymount Manhattan College in New York City, Chatham College in Pittsburgh and St. Joseph College in West Hartford, Conn., applications are nearly 50% ahead of last year.

Why the comeback for women's colleges? Keenly aware that feminism has sparked a new career-consciousness in women, many of the colleges are shaking up their traditionally liberal

arts-oriented curriculums. At Mills College in Oakland, Calif., students can sign up for a special program that trains them for managerial positions in business or public service jobs. The College of St. Theresa in Winona, Minn., offers this fall a new major in law enforcement. Students will study penology as well as criminal law and the courts. At Hood College in Frederick, Md., the home economics department now offers consumer-affairs courses, and science majors can assist in projects at a nearby Army medical research center.

Other schools are setting up special



WELLESLEY'S BARBARA NEWELL



JILL CONWAY OF SMITH
Conflicting signals on femininity.

programs to accommodate young mothers and older women who want to resume their education. Mundelein College in Chicago has pioneered a "weekend college" where students arrive Friday night for classes and depart on Sunday afternoon.

Although its importance in the women's college turn-around is uncertain, many schools have put a top priority on gaining more women faculty members. This is not always easy, since tenured positions are top-heavy with men now in their 40s and 50s who were hired in the 1950s, when many women's colleges sought male professors as a sign of progressiveness and academic seriousness. In any case, today 71 colleges—a record—now have women in the president's chair, including Hunter, Wellesley, Goucher and Wheaton. Last month Smith College, the nation's largest private women's college (2,600 students)—and the school that produced Feminists Gloria Steinem, Betty Friedan and Sylvia Plath—installed its first woman president. She is Jill Ker Conway, 40, an Australian who grew up on a sheep ranch and obtained a Ph.D. in history from Harvard. A prime virtue of women's colleges, Conway is persuaded, is that they tend to take women's intellectual abilities and aspirations more seriously than other institutions.

Many other educators—and students—agree. Says Barbara Newell, 46, president of Wellesley: "Women coeds receive conflicting signals on the 'femininity' of intellectual vigor and do not take full advantage of college." Adds Susan Van Dyne, 29, a Smith faculty member: "In a coed school the dominant role for a woman is usually sexual." Evelyn Riedner, 21, a Wellesley senior, praises her school for the chance it gives women to learn leadership without strident aggressiveness. Says she: "Once you learn that in a supportive atmosphere, you develop yourself as a person first."

Hot Pants. For all the conscious emphasis on equality, many women students have found that in a coed environment the men still almost always end up with a disproportionate share of student offices. When men first enrolled at Sarah Lawrence, they quickly assumed so many top student posts, says Dean Robert Wagner, that "everybody was making jokes about it." In fact, the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education reported last year that women who attend women's colleges are more likely to hold leadership positions and choose traditionally male career fields than those in coed schools.

Women students may again tire of single-sex schools, as they did in the early 1970s. But many feel that their schools have a vital role to play in helping women achieve the self-confidence to push for equality in the outside world. As the *Wellesley News* has put it: "As long as women are kept off boards of trustees, out of jobs and in hot pants, the world needs a Wellesley College."

Jesus the Liberator?

Signs of industrial affluence greeted the visitors—some 200 Protestant and Roman Catholic theologians, social scientists and assorted activists from North and South America—almost from the moment they arrived in Detroit last week. Even in a recession year, the Goodyear billboard near the airport was totting up by the seconds the autos manufactured in 1975: 3,835,001; 3,835,002. But deeper in the city the scene turned bleak: shuttered stores, decaying neighborhoods, jobless men wandering the streets. The contrast seemed particularly telling to the travelers, who had come to the Motor City for a conference on Christian responses to the inequities in modern society. The focus of their discussions at Detroit's rambling old Sacred Heart Seminary was a radical new mode of Christian thought: the theology of liberation.

The meetings themselves reflected the curious nature of the theology. The participants would defend an argument with a scriptural passage from *Jeremiah* or a verse from *Luke*, then, just as earnestly, cite Marx in condemning economic injustice. The theology of liberation in fact combines Marxist economic analysis with the teachings of the Old Testament prophets and the commands of the Christian gospel to fashion a demanding spiritual ethic: that it is every Christian's duty to fight "oppression," especially industrial capitalism, which is viewed by this theology as the central evil today.

Rich and Poor. The Latin American theologians who developed this strange alliance of Marx and Jesus see nothing contradictory in it. For an explanation of the chasm between rich and poor, between First World and Third World, they went to Marxist analysis and decided that the problem is capitalist oppression. For a solution of its ills, they went to Christian thought and Scriptures and concluded that Christians have a spiritual mandate to struggle on the side of the downtrodden. Jesus himself, they point out, citing the fourth chapter of *Luke*, declared early in his public life that he had come "to preach good news to the poor... to proclaim release to the captives... to set at liberty those who are oppressed."

Borrowing a leaf from the evolutionary theme of French Jesuit Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, the theologians interpret human history as an upward curve, with God acting with man in a cooperative process of liberating humanity and the world. Sin is anything that re-

sists or undercuts this process, or any oppression of one person—or group—by another. Salvation lies in a commitment to love of neighbor and thus a willingness to fight oppression, with revolution if need be. Camilo Torres, the Colombian guerrilla priest who was shot down by government troops in 1966, is the folk hero of liberation theology.

The theology developed in Latin America in the 1960s. One influence was the Second Vatican Council, which sharpened concern for the poor and challenged old alliances between church and state that had curbed religious protest in Latin America. Another was a

ment was a Peruvian priest named Gustavo Gutiérrez, an old friend of Camilo Torres and theological adviser at Medellín. He later wrote *A Theology of Liberation* (Orbis Books), the movement's most influential text.

Gutiérrez and many other Latin American liberation theologians journeyed to Detroit last week to argue that their theology has a prophetic role in northern industrial societies. Sounding a recurrent theme, Peruvian Economist Javier Iguñiz told an opening session at the conference that "the growth of capitalism is the same as the growth of world poverty."

Uruguayan Jesuit Juan Luis Segundo, author of one of the movement's key works, *A Theology for Artisans of a New Humanity*, warned that the church, if it is to have any validity, "must become a function of liberation."

But what sort of liberation? The question was put poignantly by a U.S. nun who asked in one group discussion, "Do we have to opt for revolution?" The theo-

logians' answer is yes—although they hasten to add that revolution covers a broad range of options, not all of them violent. Jesuit John Coleman of Berkeley's Graduate Theological Union says that there are elements of selflessness and idealism in the U.S. tradition that could be used to inspire Americans to "fight for structural reforms [that] most would call revolutions." But the blacks, feminists, Chicanos, American Indians and other North American minority groups at the Detroit meeting suggested that a different sort of tradition would be involved. Said Chicano Nun Maria Antonia Esquerra: "The theology of liberation in North America will be written by the oppressed."

Without Pain. One leading liberationist, Argentine Methodist José Miguel Bonino, worries that the theology may be surfacing in the U.S. and Europe as a trendy "new consumer good" in the theological market. But those who espouse it so far do not seem to be faddists, and they do not expect instant change. If anything, liberation theology may well be just too demanding to become a fad. Said one Detroit participant, Beverly Harrison, a professor of social ethics at Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary: "The liberal in me wants a different world, but the liberal in me also wants that world without changing myself, and without pain." This common human contradiction, as much as some oppressive system, may be the most difficult challenge facing liberation theology, north or south of the border.



CONTEMPORARY PERUVIAN INDIAN CRUCIFIX FROM COVER OF GUTIÉRREZ BOOK

growing trend in the World Council of Churches to attack injustices in the Third World. Most urgent of all, there was the deepening agony of the poor all across Latin America.

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Herbs for All Seasons And Reasons

As Puritan Leader John Winthrop's ship neared the Massachusetts coast, "there came a smell offshore like the smell of a garden." The garden-like fragrance of herbs still hangs on the New England air, and with it the sweet smell of commercial success. Indeed, Americans' fascination with herbs—plants valued for specific medicinal, culinary or aromatic uses—has grown so fast in recent years that the demand for herb plants and seeds has wafted to every corner of the country. Dried and fresh herbs, used for millenniums in teas, elixirs, salves and perfumes to spice food and please the nostril, are enjoying a luxuriant comeback in city stores and coun-

without chemical fertilizers or sprays.

Some 1,300 varieties of dried and powdered herbs are handled by the Indiana Botanic Gardens, a company that has a mailing list of 300,000. Increasingly, commercial herb farms are becoming tourist attractions. At Caprilands, in North Coventry, Conn., visitors are shown through 14 different herb gardens, including one containing all the herbs mentioned in Shakespeare's works. The tour ends with an herbal lunch in the 18th century farmhouse of Caprilands' Adelma Simmons, who has written five books on herbs. Many of the new herb fanciers are rediscovering ancient health cures. Genine Kepnis, manager of the Organic Food Cellar in Cambridge, Mass., says that one salubrious seller is goldenseal, *Hydrastis canadensis*, which is used as a cure-all for

inal value. As Dorothy Hall points out in *The Book of Herbs* (Scribner, \$7.95), to be published next month, "some of our old grandmothers' recipes are proving to be not so old-hat after all." For example, horehound, an age-old relief for coughs and sore throats, still sells briskly. Sage and mint teas, to name only two, are widely used to treat colds; and aspirin is made from salicylic acid, the essential chemical in willow bark, known as a palliative since the dawn of time. Safflower has long been grown for what is now known as "polyunsaturated" oil. Foxglove yields digitalis. Ephedrine, the base of many nasal sprays, is extracted from a desert shrub. Indians in New Mexico still use their traditional backache cure: a plaster of pitch and verberna.

Indeed, the well-stocked herb garden can supply potions and lotions for almost any need or occasion. Basil, still used in snuff, "maketh a man merry and glad," vowed 16th century Herbalist John Gerard. A potion to keep one awake? How about lemon balm, the "scholar's herb," which medieval students drank as tea to keep them alert during exams? A pot of basil in a kitchen window is said to discourage flies; fennel, which has a mild licorice taste, also keeps fleas away from dogs ("Plant fennel near to kennel"). Many herbs make subtle dyes for cotton, silk or wool used in hand-weaving and embroidery.

Though rarely advertised as such at organic food stores, several herbs have been employed for centuries as aphrodisiacs. Ogden Nash ("Parsley: Is garsley") to the contrary, the indispensable parsleyan garnish, *Petroselinum crispum*, has been prized as a guarantor of virility since at least the 1st century. (Its seeds also enjoy fame as a baldness cure.) Without herbs, the world would not have that honored amorphic, the martini. Coriander seed is not only used as a spicy seasoning but is also reputed to be an erotic stimulant and is used to flavor gin. And *Artemisia*, or wormwood, is an essential ingredient of vermouth. Martinis may not have been served at King Arthur's court, but wormwood undoubtedly found its way into the royal flagons. In the permissive Middle Ages, *Artemisia* was known ambivalently as Lad's Love and Maiden's Ruin



SAGE



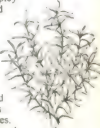
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The herb craze is directly linked to Americans' greatly heightened interest in cooking. No self-respecting cook would be without at least the culinary big four—thyme, basil, parsley and oregano—to which most gourmets would add rosemary, savory, sage, saffron, saffras, tarragon, mint, chives, dill, lemon verbena, marjoram, fennel, sorrel, chervil, coriander, cumin, caraway and celery seed. From ajowan to zedoary, there are hundreds of other herbs available, in 17th century Herbalist John Parkinson's phrase, "for use and delight." To the delight of the vast army of health-food enthusiasts who use herbs, most of them are grown organically

complaints ranging from sore throats to poison ivy. "It even makes a good mouthwash," says Kepnis. "Herbs have become so popular," she notes, "that they are replacing both drugs and supermarket brand-name spices."

Medicinal Value. Edith Foster Farwell of Lake Forest, Ill., who has written three books on herbs, believes that many young people are turning to herbal medicines because they distrust most pharmaceutical products. "I get a lot of letters from people who want me to cure this or that," she says. One of her most frequent requests is for a potion to cure warts; she recommends juice from the celandine plant, which was used for that purpose in colonial times.

Some herbs have undisputed medic-



FORECAST:

EARTHQUAKE

COVER STORY another USGS scientist, was even more emphatic. Johnston's data, he said, left little doubt that Hollister could expect a moderate earthquake of up to magnitude 5 on the Richter scale.* When? "Maybe tomorrow," said Healy.

The next afternoon, Nov. 28, 1974, while residents of Hollister were sitting down to their Thanksgiving Day dinners, the earth began to sway and rumble beneath them. The brief 1- to 2-sec. quake measured 5.2 magnitude and did little damage. But its impact still reverberates through the world of

The hundred or so geologists and seismologists who turned up for the informal monthly meeting of California's Pick and Hammer Club expected an evening of socializing and routine gossip about faults, core samples and volcanoes. Instead, they heard scientific history in the making. As part of his work for the U.S. Geological Survey's Earthquake Research Center, Seismologist Malcolm Johnston had just finished analyzing data from seven monitoring stations set up along the San Andreas Fault in the quake-prone Hollister area. His figures, Johnston told his colleagues, showed that the strength of the local magnetic field had suddenly risen between two of the stations, then gradually subsided over a period of one week. Furthermore, the surface of the earth in the same area had undergone slight but noticeable changes in tilt. Those changes, he said, were just "the sort one would expect to see before a quake." John Healy,

seismology. The accurate forecast of the Hollister temblor was a dramatic demonstration that scientists are on the verge of being able to predict the time, place and even the size of earthquakes

Recently, in fact, U.S. and Russian seismologists have quietly—and correctly—forecast several other earthquakes. In China, where the understanding of earthquakes has become an important national goal, ten quakes are said to have been accurately predicted in the past few years. Before two large recent quakes, the government confidently issued public warnings and evacuated vulnerable areas. Buoyed by their rapid progress in forecasting, scientists are already talking about an even more exciting possibility: actually taming the more destructive convulsions of the earth. "We can't start next year," says Geologist Healy. "but

*Used to measure the strength of earthquakes. Because the scale is logarithmic, each higher number represents a tenfold increase in the magnitude of the tremors, and a 30-fold increase in the energy released. Thus a 2-point quake is barely perceptible, a 5 may cause minor damage, a 7 is severe, and an 8 is a violent quake.

it's not a Buck Rogers idea. Every step we've taken encourages us to go on."

The control of quakes would be an enormous victory over nature at its cruellest. Along with war and pestilence, earthquakes rank as one of the world's great killers. Striking without warning, opening great fissures in mankind's ultimate sanctuary of terra firma, quakes have inspired terror and awe since man first walked the earth. During recorded history, earthquakes—and the floods, fires and landslides they have triggered—are estimated to have taken as many as 74 million lives (see box next page).

The last large-scale killers occurred in Asia. One, last December in northern Pakistan, ravaged nine towns and took nearly 5,000 lives. The other, a February tremor in China, is believed to have killed hundreds. Indeed, not a day passes without earth tremors somewhere on the globe. Some of those quakes are too weak to be felt by humans; they can be detected only by sensitive seismographs. Others are more violent but occur on the ocean floor or in remote areas and do no harm. Some add to the long catalogue of destruction. Last week, for example, a 4.7 earthquake rocked lightly populated Kodiak Island, off the coast of Alaska. In July, a 6.8 quake struck Pagan, Burma, destroying or damaging half of the city's historic temples. Within the past several weeks, strong earthquakes struck Oroville, Calif., Mindanao in the Philippines and the Kamchatka Peninsula in Siberia and the southwest Pacific island of Bougainville.

With good reason, many primitive peoples regarded the terrible quakes they could not understand as the acts of a vengeful deity. As late as 1750, Thomas Sherlock, the Bishop of London, told his flock that two recent earthquakes were warnings that Londoners should atone for their sins. John Wesley agreed. In a 1777 letter to a friend, he wrote:

"There is no divine visitation which is likely to have so general an influence upon sinners as an earthquake." The ancient Japanese believed that the hundreds of quakes that shook (and still shake) their islands every year were caused by the casual movements of a great spider that carried the earth on its back. Natives of Siberia's quake-prone Kamchatka Peninsula blamed the tremors on a giant dog named Kosei tossing snow off his fur. Pythagoras, the Greek philosopher and mathematician, believed that earthquakes were caused by the dead fighting among themselves. Another ancient Greek, Aristotle, had a more scientific explanation. He contended that the earth's rumblings were the result of hot air masses trying to escape from the earth's interior.

In the past decade, the development of a bold new geological theory called plate tectonics—which offers an elegant, comprehensive explanation for continental drift, mountain building and volcanism—seems finally to have clarified the underlying cause of earthquakes. It holds that the surface of the earth consists of about a dozen giant, 70-mile-thick rock plates. Floating on the earth's semimolten mantle and propelled by as yet undetermined forces, the plates are in constant motion. Where they meet, friction sometimes temporarily locks them in place, causing stresses to build up near their edges. Eventually the rock fractures, allowing the plates to resume their motion. It is that sudden release of pent-up energy that causes earthquakes. Off Japan, for instance, the Pacific plate is thrusting under the Eurasian plate, causing the deep-seated quakes characteristic of the Japanese archipelago. In California, along the San Andreas Fault, two great plates are sliding past each other. The sliver west of the fault, which is located on the Pacific plate, is moving to-

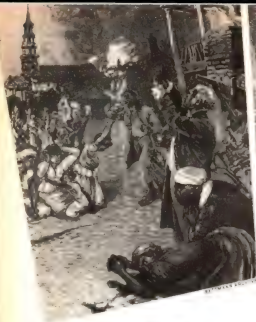
ward the northwest. The rest of the state is resting on the North American plate, which is moving westward. The sudden movement of a portion of the fault that had been locked in place for many years is thought to have caused the great San Francisco earthquake of 1906.

When quake centers are marked on a map of the world, it becomes clear that many earthquakes do indeed occur along plate boundaries. The earthquake-marked "ring of fire" around the Pacific Ocean, for example, neatly outlines the Pacific plate. But earthquakes can also occur well within a plate, possibly because the plate structure has been weakened in those places during periods of ancient volcanism. Charleston, S.C., for instance, is more than 1,000 miles away from the edge of the North American plate; yet it lies in a seismically active area (see map page 39) and was hit by a major quake that killed 27 people in 1886. New Madrid, Mo., near the middle of the plate, was the site of three huge quakes in 1811 and 1812. Wrote one resident of the then sparsely populated area: "The whole land was moved and waved like the waves of the sea. With the explosions and bursting of the ground, large fissures were formed, some of which closed immediately, while others were of varying widths, as much as 30 ft."

Long before the plate-tectonics theory was conceived, scientists were aware that rocks fracture only under extreme stress. As early as 1910, Johns Hopkins Geologist Harry Reid suggested that it should be possible to tell when and where quakes were likely to occur by keeping close tab on the buildup of stresses along a fault. But the knowledge, instruments and funds necessary to monitor many miles of fault line and interpret any findings simply did not exist. Earthquake prediction did not draw much attention until 1949, when a devastating quake struck the Garm region of Siberia, causing an avalanche that buried the village of Khait and

TILTED TOWER IN FUKUI, JAPAN (1948).
STREET IN ANCHORAGE, ALASKA (1964).
VICTIMS IN MANAGUA, NICARAGUA (1972)

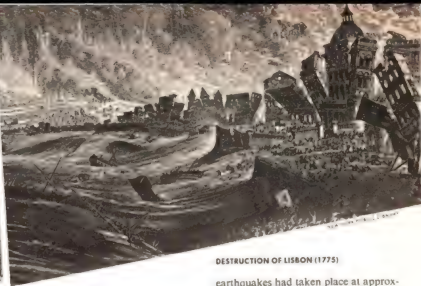




QUAKE SCENE IN CHARLESTON, S.C. (1886)

killed 12,000 people. Stunned by the disaster, the Soviets organized a scientific expedition and sent it into the quake-prone area. Its mission: to discover any geologic changes—in effect, early warning signals—that might occur before future quakes. The expedition remained in Siberia far longer than anyone had expected. But it was time well spent. In 1971, at an international scientific meeting in Moscow, the Soviet scientists announced that they had achieved their goal: learned how to recognize the signs of impending quakes.

The most important signal, they said, was a change in the velocity of vibrations that pass through the earth's crust as a result of such disturbances as quakes, mining blasts or underground nuclear tests. Earth scientists have long known that tremors spread outward in two different types of seismic waves. P waves cause any rock in their path to compress and then expand in the same direction as the waves are traveling. S waves move the rock in a direction that is perpendicular to their path. Because P waves travel faster than S waves, they reach seismographs first. The Russian scientists found that the difference in the arrival times of P and S waves began to decrease markedly for days, weeks and even months before a quake. Then, shortly before the quake struck, the lead time mysteriously returned to normal. The Russians also learned that the longer the period of abnormal wave velocity before a



DESTRUCTION OF LISBON (1775)

quake, the larger the eventual tremor was likely to be.⁹

The implication of that information was not lost on visiting Westerners. As soon as he returned home from Moscow, Lynn Sykes, head of the seismology group of Columbia University's Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory, urged one of his students, a young Indian doctoral candidate named Yash Aggarwal, to look for similar velocity shifts in records from Lamont-Doherty's network of seismographs in the Blue Mountain Lake region of the Adirondacks, in upper New York State, where tiny tremors occur frequently.

As it happens, a swarm of small

⁹U.S. scientists now estimate that the change can occur as long as ten years before a magnitude 8 quake, a year before a 7-pointer and a few months before a magnitude 6.

earthquakes had taken place at approximately the time of the Moscow meeting. Aggarwal's subsequent analysis bore out the Russian claims: before each quake, there had been a distinct drop in the lead time of the P waves.

As significant as those changes seemed, U.S. seismologists felt that they could not be really dependable as a quake-prediction signal without a more fundamental understanding of what was causing them. That explanation was already available. In the 1960s, while studying the reaction of materials to great mechanical strains, a team of researchers under M.I.T. Geologist William Brace had discovered that as rock approaches its breaking point, there are unexpected changes in its properties. For one thing, its resistance to electricity increases; for another, the seismic waves passing through it slow down.

Both effects seemed related to a phenomenon called dilatancy—the opening of a myriad of tiny, often microscopic cracks in rock subjected to great pressure. Brace even suggested at the time that the physical changes associated with dilatancy might provide warning of an impending earthquake, but neither he nor anyone else was quite sure how to proceed with his proposal. Dilatancy was, in effect, put on the shelf.

The Russian discoveries reawakened interest in the subject. Geophysicist Christopher Scholz of Lamont-Doherty and Amos Nur at Stanford, both of whom had studied under Brace at M.I.T., independently published papers that used dilatancy to explain the Russian findings. Both reports pointed out an apparent paradox: when the cracks first open in the crustal rock, its strength increases. Temporarily, the rock resists fracturing and the

History's Great Quakes

YEAR	LOCALE	DEATH TOLL
856	Corinth, Greece	45,000
1556	Shensi, China	830,000
1737	Calcutta	300,000
1755	Lisbon	60,000
1883	Dutch Indies	36,000
1902	Martinique	40,000
1906	San Francisco	700
1920	Kansu, China	180,000
1923	Tokyo	143,000
1960	Agadir, Morocco	12,000
1964	Alaska	114*
1970	Peru	67,000
1972	Managua, Nicaragua	10,000
1975	Mukden, China	

*UNREPORTED, BUT BELIEVED TO BE HIGH

⁹Although the loss of life was relatively small, this quake was one of the strongest ever measured, with a magnitude of more than 8.4 on the Richter scale.

quake is delayed. At the same time, seismic waves slow down because they do not travel as fast through the open spaces as they do through solid rock. Eventually ground water begins to seep into the new openings in the dilated rock. Then the seismic-wave velocity quickly returns to normal. The water also has another effect: it weakens the rock until it suddenly gives way, causing the quake.

Soon California Institute of Technology's James Whitcomb, Jan Garmann and Don Anderson weighed in with more evidence. In a search of past records, they found a distinct drop in the speed of P waves $3\frac{1}{2}$ years before the 1971 San Fernando quake (58 deaths), the largest in California in recent years. The P waves had returned to their normal velocity a few months before the tremor. Besides providing what amounted to a retroactive prediction of that powerful quake, the Caltech researchers demonstrated that it was primarily the velocity of the P waves, not the S waves, that changed. Their figures were significant for another reason: the P-wave velocity change was not caused by a quirk of geology in the Garm region or even in the Adirondacks, but was apparently a common symptom of the buildup of dangerous stresses in the earth.

In fact, dilatancy seems to explain virtually all the strange effects observed prior to earthquakes. As cracks open in rock, the rock's electrical resistance rises because air is not a good conductor of electricity. The cracks also increase the surface area of rock exposed to water; the water thus comes in contact with more radioactive material and absorbs more radon—a radioactive gas that the Soviet scientists had noticed in increased quantities in Garm-area wells. In addition, because the cracking of the rock increases its volume, dilatancy can account for the crustal uplift and tilting that precedes some quakes. The Japanese, for instance, noticed a 2-in. rise in the ground as long as five years before the major quake that rocked Niigata in 1964. Scientists are less certain about how dilatancy accounts for variations in the local magnetic field but think that the effect is related to changes in the rock's electrical resistance.

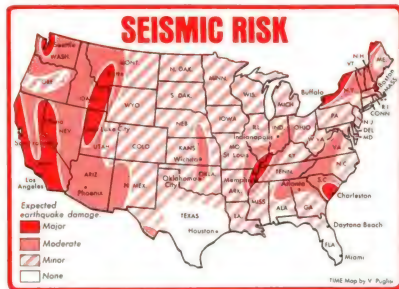
With their new knowledge, U.S. and Russian scientists cautiously began making private predictions of impending earthquakes. In 1973, after he had studied data from seven portable seismographs at the Blue Mountain Lake encampment, Columbia University's Aggarwal excitedly telephoned Lynn Sykes back at the laboratory. All signs, said Aggarwal, pointed to an imminent earthquake of magnitude 2.5 to 3. As Aggarwal was sitting down to dinner two days later, the earth rumbled under his feet. "I could feel the waves passing by," he recalls, "and I was jubilant." In November 1973, after observing changes in P-wave velocity, Caltech's Whitcomb predicted that there would be a shock

near Riverside, Calif., within three months. Sure enough, a tremor did hit before his deadline—on Jan. 30. Whitcomb's successful prediction was particularly important. All previous forecasts had involved quakes along thrust faults, where rock on one side of a fault is pushing against rock on the other. The Riverside quake took place on a strike-slip fault, along which the adjoining sides are sliding past each other. Because most upheavals along the San Andreas Fault involve strike-slip quakes, Whitcomb's forecast raised hopes that seismologists could use their new techniques to predict the major earthquakes that are bound to occur along the San Andreas.

The Chinese, too, were making rapid progress in their earthquake-forecast studies. When a delegation of U.S. scientists headed by M.I.T. Geologist Frank Press toured Chinese earthquake-research centers in October 1974, they were astonished to learn that the coun-

try researchers. They also pay close attention to exotic prequake signals—including oddities of animal behavior—so far largely overlooked by other nations. Before a quake in the summer of 1969, the Chinese observed that in the Tientsin zoo, the swans abruptly left the water, a Manchurian tiger stopped pacing in his cage, a Tibetan yak collapsed, and a panda held its head in its paws and moaned. On his return from the China tour, USGS's Barry Raleigh learned that horses had behaved skittishly in the Hollister area before the Thanksgiving Day quake. "We were very skeptical when we arrived in China regarding animal behavior," he says. "But there may be something in it."

Though the U.S. does not have the national commitment of the Chinese, there is no lack of urgency among American scientists. California has not had a great earthquake since the San Francisco disaster in 1906, and seismologists



try had some 10,000 trained earthquake specialists (more than ten times the American total). They were operating 17 major observation centers, which in turn receive data from 250 seismic stations and 5,000 observation points (some of which are simply wells where the radon content of water is measured). In addition, thousands of dedicated amateurs, mainly high school students, regularly collect earthquake data.

The Chinese have good reason to be vigilant. Many of their people live in vulnerable adobe-type, tile-roofed homes that collapse easily during tremors. And the country shudders through a great number of earthquakes, apparently because of the northward push of the Indian plate against the Eurasian plate. Says Press: "It is probably the one country that could suffer a million dead in a single earthquake."

Chinese scientists read every scientific paper published by foreign earth-

quake researchers. They also pay close attention to exotic prequake signals—including oddities of animal behavior—so far largely overlooked by other nations. Before a quake in the summer of 1969, the Chinese observed that in the Tientsin zoo, the swans abruptly left the water, a Manchurian tiger stopped pacing in his cage, a Tibetan yak collapsed, and a panda held its head in its paws and moaned. On his return from the China tour, USGS's Barry Raleigh learned that horses had behaved skittishly in the Hollister area before the Thanksgiving Day quake. "We were very skeptical when we arrived in China regarding animal behavior," he says. "But there may be something in it."

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are warily eying at least two stretches of the San Andreas Fault that seem to be "locked." One segment, near Los Angeles, has apparently not budged, while other parts of the Pacific and North American plates have slid some 30 ft. past each other. Near San Francisco, there is another locked section. Sooner or later, such segments will have to catch up with the inexorable movement of the opposing plates. If they do so in one sudden jolt, the resulting earthquakes, probably in the 7- to 8-p. Richter range and packing the energy of multimegaton hydrogen bombs, will cause widespread destruction in the surrounding areas.

If one of those quakes occurs in the San Francisco area, the results will be far more calamitous than in 1906 (see box page 40). A comparable earthquake

SCIENCE

near Los Angeles could kill as many as 20,000 and injure nearly 600,000.

As a practical start toward earthquake prediction, USGS is constructing a prototype network of automated sensing stations equipped with magnetometers, tiltmeters and seismographs in California's Bear Valley. They are also beginning to make measurements of radon in wells and electrical resistance in rock. Some of the data are already being fed into the USGS's central station at Menlo Park. But analysis is still being delayed by lack of adequate computer facilities.

Other seismic monitoring grids in the U.S. include a 45-station network in the Los Angeles area, operated jointly by the USGS and Caltech; smaller networks in the New York region under the Lamont-Doherty scientists; and those in the Charleston, S.C., area, operated by the University of South Carolina. When completed and computerized, these networks will provide two

warnings of impending quakes. If scientists detect changes in P-wave velocities, magnetic field and other dilatancy effects that persist over a wide area, a large quake can be expected—but not for many months. If the dilatancy effects occur in a small area, the quake will be minor but will occur soon. The return to normal of the dilatancy effects provides the second warning. It indicates that the quake will occur in about one-tenth the time during which the changes were measured. If dilatancy changes have been recorded for 70 days and then suddenly return to normal, the quake should occur in about a week.

The networks are far from complete, progress in general has been slow, and seismologists blame inadequate Government funding. The USGS's annual quake budget has remained at about \$11 million for the past few years, only about \$3 million of it for research in the art of forecasting.

Once in operation, an earthquake warning system will bring with it a new set of problems. If a major quake is forecast for San Francisco, for example, should the Government shut down businesses and evacuate the populace? Where would evacuees be housed? If the quake does not occur, who will be responsible for the financial loss caused by the evacuation? Answers come more easily in totalitarian China. There, says Press, "if an actual quake does not take place, it is felt that the people will understand that the state is acting on their behalf and accept a momentary disruption in their normal lives."

Just such a disruption took place in many Chinese communities on Feb. 4, the day that an earthquake struck an industrialized area in Liaoning province. According to the Chinese publication *Earthquake Frontiers*, at 6 p.m. that day an announcement was made over the public-address system in the Kuan-t'un commune: "According to a prediction

The Day San Francisco Is Hit

What would happen to the San Francisco Bay Area if it were hit by a major quake (8.3 on the Richter scale) during the evening rush hour? This question was posed by the Federal Office of Emergency Preparedness to leading earthquake experts. The following scenario summarizes their responses:

It is 4:30 in the afternoon, and San Francisco's evening rush hour has already begun. Thousands of cars are inching along the highways; cable cars, buses, BART trains and ferries are packed with people. Suddenly the earth begins to tremble and sway, accompanied by a roar that some people liken to the sound of a hundred freight trains. Huge cracks open in streets and sidewalks. Shaken loose by the violent vibrations, tons of glass and ornamental stonework tumble onto the streets, crushing pedestrians and automobiles. Many older buildings collapse completely. Chinatown's famed Grant Street becomes a death row.

The new office towers and luxury high-rises that have so dramatically changed San Francisco's skyline

rock like ships in a storm. Inside, people are flung across rooms. Windows and walls crack. When power lines snap, lights go off and elevators abruptly stop, trapping hundreds of panicked office workers.

Fires erupt everywhere in the city, ignited by short circuits and fed by leaking gas mains. Fire fighters quickly scramble into action, but their trucks cannot negotiate torn-up streets. Because of broken water mains, fire hydrants are useless. At least half the city's phones are dead. The rescuers are further hampered by the destruction of medical supplies—including vital blood plasma—and the collapse of half of the Bay Area's hospitals.

In nearby Daly City, hundreds of cliffside homes overlooking the Pacific slide into the sea. Most other frame dwellings remain standing, but their interiors are a maelstrom of flying dishes, bookshelves and wall hangings. Landslides block the northern end of the Golden Gate Bridge. The great span itself, although whipping like a giant snake, appears to be holding. The Bay Bridge, too, survives the initial battering, but its clogged approaches fail, bringing down hundreds of cars with them. In the Bay Area Rapid Transit System's 3.6-mile-long underwater link between San Francisco and Oakland, hundreds of commuters are trapped in the terrifying darkness of the swaying tube. Only 30 seconds have elapsed since the first jolt was felt, but everywhere there is unbelievable death and destruction. At least 10,000 people are dead; more than 300,000 have been injured, 40,000 of them seriously enough to be hospitalized. Property damage is \$10 billion.

Could it happen? "The probability is high," says Seismologist Robert Wallace, chief of earthquake research for the U.S. Geological Survey at nearby Menlo Park. "The best estimate of the long-range rate of occurrence of great earthquakes along the San Andreas Fault is about one every 100 years, so a significant probability exists of another within the next 30 years." Another specialist, Berkeley's Karl V. Steinbrugge, perhaps the country's leading expert on designing quake-resistant buildings, is even more blunt. Says he: "Thousands of lives snuffed out in 30 seconds is going to blow the roof off this country. And it's going to happen."

SAN FRANCISCO STREET SCENE (1906)





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In fact, you'll find more front headroom inside the Peugeot 504 than you will in any American sedan except the Cadillac Fleetwood. And only eight-tenths of an inch less legroom in front than a Chrysler Imperial.

And you'll find plenty of interior luxury and comfort, too. The front seats are fully-reclining and even adjust automatically for height as

they're moved back and forth. Instrumentation is complete with such features as an electric clock and a tachometer.

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But the fine engineering of the Peugeot goes far beyond its safety and efficient space design. Because the 504 sedan is essentially a driving car. With such standard features as rack-and-pinion steering for precise handling, Michelin steel-belted radial tires for maximum road control in nearly any kind of weather. Power disc brakes on all four wheels for fast, sure stops. And four-wheel independent suspension with huge front shock absorbers for leveling out ruts and bumps.

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Yet for all this, the 504 sedan performs economically. In the 1975 EPA Federal tests, its efficient four-cylinder engine delivered a remarkable 27 mpg on the highway and 20 mpg in the city.

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by the superior command, a strong earthquake will probably occur tonight. We insist that all people leave their homes and all animals leave their stables." As an added incentive for people to go outside, the commune leaders also announced that movies would be shown in an outdoor location.

"As soon as the announcement was finished," the article says, "many men and women members with their whole families gathered in the square in front of the detachment gate. The first film was barely finished when a strong earthquake, 7.3 on the magnitude scale, occurred. Lightning flashed and a great noise like thunder came from the earth. Many houses were destroyed at once. Of the 2,000 people in the commune, only the 'stubborn ones,' who ignored the mobilization order, were wounded or killed by the earthquake. All the others were safe and uninjured; not even one head of livestock was lost."

Convinced that "earthquake prediction is a fact at the present time," and worried about the effect of such forecasts, particularly in U.S. cities, the National Academy of Sciences this week released a massive study entitled "Earthquake Prediction and Public Policy." Prepared by a panel of experts headed by U.C.L.A. Sociologist Ralph Turner, the study takes strong issue with the politicians and the few scientists who believe that earthquake predictions and warnings would cause panic and economic paralysis, thus resulting in more harm than the tremors themselves. Forecasting would clearly save lives, the panel states, and that is the "highest priority." Because most casualties during a quake are caused by collapsing buildings, the report recommends stronger building codes in areas where earthquakes occur frequently, the allocation of funds for strengthening existing structures in areas where earthquakes have been forecast and even requiring some of the population to live in mobile homes and tents when a quake is imminent. Fearful that forecasting could become a political football and that some officials might try to suppress news of an impending quake, the panel recommends that warnings, which would cause disruption of daily routine when an earthquake threatens, should be issued by elected officials—but only after a public prediction has been made by a panel of scientists set up by a federal agency.

Other scientists are already looking ahead toward an even more remarkable goal than forecasting: earthquake control. What may become the basic technique for taming quakes was discovered accidentally in 1966 by earth scientists in the Denver area. They noted that the forced pumping of lethal wastes from the manufacture of nerve gases into deep wells at the Army's Rocky Mountain arsenal coincided with the occurrence of small quakes. After the Army suspended

the waste-disposal program, the number of quakes declined sharply.

Fascinated by the implications of what were apparently man-made quakes, USGS scientists in 1969 set up their instruments at the Rangely oilfield in northwestern Colorado. There, Chevron was recovering oil from less productive wells by injecting water into them under great pressure. The recovery technique was setting off small quakes, the strongest near wells subjected to the greatest water pressure. If water was pumped out of the earth, the survey scientists wondered, would the quakes stop? In November 1972, they forced water into four of the Chevron wells. A series of minor quakes soon began, and did not stop until March 1973. Then the scientists pumped water out of the wells, reducing fluid pressure in the rock below. Almost immediately, earthquake activity ended. In a limited way, they had controlled an earthquake.

The results of the Rangely experiments led USGS Geophysicists Raleigh and James Dietrich to propose an ingenious scheme. They suggested drilling a row of three deep holes about 500 yds. apart, along a potentially dangerous fault. By pumping water out of the outer holes, they figured they could effectively strengthen the surrounding rock and lock the fault at each of those places. Then they would inject water into the middle hole, increasing fluid pressure in the nearby rocks and weakening them to the point of failure. A minor quake—contained between the locked areas—should result, relieving the dangerous stresses in the immediate vicinity. By repeating the procedure, the scientists could eventually relieve strains over a wide area. Other scientists feel that such experiments should be undertaken with caution, lest they trigger a large quake. Raleigh is more hopeful. In theory, he says, relatively continuous movement over the entire length of the San Andreas Fault could be maintained—and major earthquakes prevented—with a system of some 500 three-mile-deep holes evenly spaced along the fault. Estimated cost of the gigantic project: \$1-\$2 billion.

In a time of austerity, the possibility of such lavish financing is remote. As M.I.T.'s Press puts it: "How does one sell preventive medicine for a future affliction to Government agencies beleaguered with current illness?" Ironically, the one event that would release money for the study of earthquake prediction and control is the very disaster that scientists are trying to avert: a major quake striking a highly populated area without any warning. Tens of thousands of

people living in the flood plain of the Van Norman Dam had a close call four years ago in the San Fernando Valley quake; had the tremor lasted a few more seconds, the dam might have given way. When the San Andreas Fault convulses again—as it surely must—or when another, less notorious fault elsewhere in the U.S. suddenly gives way, thousands of other Americans may not be so lucky.

—S. J. GORDON, SMITHSONIAN



AERIAL VIEW OF SAN ANDREAS FAULT IN CALIFORNIA

Stretched Skin

During the 1960s a new kind of artist seemed to be emerging in London: *pictor transatlanticus*. Amid mutterings of dismay about Coca-Colonization, Anthony Caro, Richard Hamilton, Richard Smith and others addressed themselves to New York City as their elders had directed their genuflections to Paris. "To have worked in New York did make a tremendous difference," Smith recalls. "It set you at a certain distance from other English painters. You could never pick up again with artists who hadn't been there, except as friends. You had a different set of references."

It is 14 years since Smith, then a 30-year-old on a Harkness fellowship to America, had his first one-man show in New York. This month the Tate Gallery in London is holding a Smith "retrospective"—seven of his exhibitions

opened to color and form in reproduction. The green in a color ad was not like grass; it was mint green, menthol green, a hue of such insinuating and saturated lushness that it belonged to an order other than nature. Color pages and Bendel's window displays gave Smith, fresh from the pinched dampness and grayness of England in the '50s, much the same sense of abundant, amoral pleasure as reflections on water and glowing fruit on a table gave the Impressionists. Their color was everything that color in English art was not: exotic looking, artificial and rich.

So Smith's paintings at the Green Gallery in 1961 used the simple, emblematic formats of ad layout—a disk, a heart, striped bands—but dissolved them in a feathery, airy film of brush strokes. Then he became interested in packages. Again, packaging was not iconic; it was the most abstract way of

calls, "I realized I couldn't spend my life painting cigarette packets, and the structure of my early pieces was beginning to look adventurous."

He moved back to England, first to London and then, with his American wife Betsy, to a farm in Wiltshire, where his gardening activities soon included a giant dovecot built in the form of an Egyptian pyramid. The shapes of his pictures, meanwhile, were becoming more geometric as the Pop references vanished. A 1966 work entitled *A Whole Year, Half a Day*, which contained a set of twelve rectangles with increasingly large diagonal "bites" taken out of them, marked Smith's growing interest in the canvas as membrane—a surface stretching topographically over a built-up support, giving a suave play of shadow in the folds. "I think of the curves from the canvas as somehow fleshy, body-like," he says. But they could also suggest landscape, as *Riverfall* (1969) showed: an undulating expanse, 22 ft wide, sprayed and delicately washed with green, evoking the wet meadows and spring hedgerows of the English countryside.

Yellow Pages. Since 1972 Smith has been working on a different kind of surface: paintings like canvas kites, stretched on rods, hung on strings and ribbons from the wall or slung, like *Yellow Pages* (1975), from the roof. They are as light, demountable and unpretentious as toys or banners. "I'd been dissatisfied with the physical heaviness of my paintings," Smith says. "I was using too many resources; they looked light on the walls, but there was all that scaffolding and framing under them."

By contrast, the "kites" are economical, even the strings they hang from act as drawing. They are perfectly suited to Smith's restrained temperament as an artist; he is always at pains to avoid the bribes of visual overstatement.

For all the American background, Smith remains a very English artist. No matter what the style, English art has never felt like American, and one of the differences has to do with sociability. Smith's work is quite conversational in its ease of style. Like Caro's or Hockney's, it is permeated with a casual, off-hand rightness about material, color and meetings of shape, but it is not polemical. No proposition about the future of art is being shoved in one's face. Hence its unlikeliness to New York painting in the '60s, to that clamor of nonnegotiable demands on the viewer's eye and sense of history. This is not a matter of good or bad, only of tone of voice, and Smith's discourse is so controlled, so free of aesthetic cliquishness and so fastidious in its loyalty to painting as a still valid medium that he must be accounted one of the most original artists of the past decade.

Robert Hughes

ARTIST RICHARD SMITH AT TATE GALLERY WITH EARLY REPLY (1972)
Out of the media landscape, a style of fastidious control.

over that time, reassembled painting by painting. In a European summer almost empty of worthwhile museum shows, Richard Smith's is a delectable event, reintroducing an artist who has been around for years without quite getting his due.

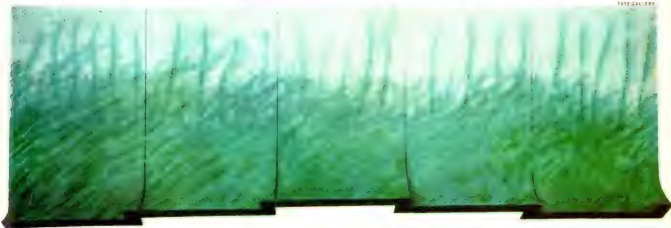
Amoral Pleasure. When Englishmen of Smith's generation (he is now 44) started looking to America, what caught their eye was less the painterly heroics of abstract expressionism than the "media landscape"—to borrow a phrase of the day—from which Pop art was sprouting. Though as a painter he was not interested in the icons of popular culture, Smith was fascinated by its mechanics, particularly by what hap-

putting a product over, smooth and low-keyed, with a regular boxy shape. Paintings like *Piano* (1963) thrust out from the wall, the sloping canvas sides of the built box contradicted by the smaller fake boxes painted on it in Smith's cursive, soft handwriting, like a festive zig-zagur tottering off-balance.

By the mid-'60s Smith was clearly one of the most gifted colorists on either side of the Atlantic. This was acknowledged (amid much protest from the French) when in 1967 he won the grand prize at the São Paulo Biennale. His use of color was radiant without facile sweetness, and he could move across the spectrum with an assurance similar to that of natural pitch in a musician. But, as he re-



Richard Smith's "Yellow Pages," 1975



"Riverfall," 1969 (above), and "Piano," 1963 (below)



Soft-Boiled

FAREWELL, MY LOVELY

Directed by DICK RICHARDS

Screenplay by DAVID ZELAG-GOODMAN

This is the sort of private-eye period piece that means to do honor to the traditions of Raymond Chandler and the hard-boiled melodrama. But through its own dim eagerness it ends up making a mockery of them. How can anyone take such an enterprise seriously, after all, when the detective runs around in a trench coat six inches too short and 25 years too new for him?

Style and hemline are more pertinent than they should be to *Farewell, My Lovely* because Director Dick Richards (*Rafferty* and *the Gold Dust Twins*) seems mostly interested in matters of decoration. No use telling him or Screenwriter David Zelag Goodman that just under his plots, Chandler was writing about Los Angeles, about levels of corruption, about resistance to the hard sell and the strong arm. Those are difficult matters to deal with, and Richards and Goodman avoid them. Goodman wrests a standard mystery plot from the book that Chandler considered his best. Richards uses it as an excuse

for a sort of 1940s masquerade. Watching this movie has approximately the same effect as being locked overnight in a secondhand clothing store in Pasadena. There is an awful lot of dust and after a while the dummies look as if they are moving.

Low Life. *Farewell, My Lovely* (filmed once before in 1948 as *Murder, My Sweet*) is the caper in which Philip Marlowe gets mixed up with a huge bruiser named Moose Malloy. Moose is just out of jail and looking for his old girlfriend Velma. Before she is run to ground, Marlowe works his way through L.A., low life to high society and back again, trailing in his wake subplots and an ever-increasing number of corpses. This time around, Robert Mitchum stars as Marlowe. He is all wrong. For Chandler, Marlowe was a kind of rogue knight. Mitchum plays him with the same sloppy self-loathing that he has frequently used to demonstrate his superiority to a role. If this contempt suits Mitchum, it ill becomes Marlowe. With the main character deep-sixed, *Farewell, My Lovely* loses its moral center and its dynamic.

As Velma, Charlotte Rampling, a sexy, skillful actress, is called upon to do Lauren Bacall imitations from *The*



MITCHUM & RAMPLING IN *FAREWELL*

The dummies are moving.

The Sleep and looks abashed. There are a couple of sharp secondary performances—by a Philadelphia pug named Jack O'Halloran as Moose and Walter McEwen as a strang-out musician—the rest of the cast is mostly good, if with no roles to match.

The movie's ambience is stilted and uneasy, as if to match the dialogue. Some smart Chandler lines have been retained, but Richards and Goodman



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have added some others ("It's Snow White." "With or without the dwarfs.") presumably of their own invention. Up against the real thing, these emendations stand out, as Chandler once wrote: "like a tarantula on a slice of angel food." **Jay Cocks**

City Slickers

COOLEY HIGH

Directed by MICHAEL SCHULTZ

Screenplay by ERIC MONTE

There is currently some noise around to the effect that *Cooley High*—about growing up black in Chicago in 1964—is a separate but equal *American Graffiti*. Such impressions should be corrected immediately. It requires a certain defensiveness, or an anxious if inadvertent condescension, to maintain that *Cooley High*, crude of mind and clumsy of execution, can even compete with the smart high spirits of *American Graffiti*.

Cooley High has all the grace of an Army training film. Like the kids in *Graffiti*, the students in *Cooley High* are trapped near the dead end of their own young lives. The difference is that the odds of escape are even heavier against the blacks. They have to fight their poverty and the everyday threat of their streets even to get a chance. The *Graffiti* kids never really knew they had a chance. They took their fate—and ev-



JACOBS (RIGHT) IN *COOLEY HIGH*
Knuckle under or fight back.

erything else—for granted, which is a different kind of tragedy. Around *Cooley High*, you either knuckle under or you fight back.

The movie is less concerned with these matters, however, than with making bad broad jokes: when some students play hooky and go to a Chicago zoo, a gorilla hurls his dirt onto one of them; on the run from a couple of guys looking to do him harm, one of Cooley's bright-

er hopes hides out in a bathroom where a young lady sits screaming on the toilet. The movie does have two energetic performances by Glynn Turman and Lawrence-Hilton Jacobs, but they are just about overrun. One of the Cooley kids takes off for Hollywood to become a successful screenwriter and, we are informed in a *Graffiti*-like postscript, really makes it. He always figured he would since he was so good at the hustle. If he is intended to represent the author of *Cooley High*, however, he is not quite as adept at it as he thinks. **J.C.**

Hard Times

BROTHER, CAN YOU SPARE A DIME?

Directed and Written by PHILIPPE MORA

Yes, yes, it is good to know all about the wayward economics of big business that caused the Depression, and about the NRA, unemployment curves, the deprivations of the Dust Bowl and Social Security. But what about the time Huey Long met Ina Ray Hutton? Moments like this—of which there are many in *Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?*—may not change history, but they can bring it close as no transcript or statistic can. It is the unproclaimed thesis of this breezy, weightless chronicle of the Depression that time is the sum of events great and small, and that the footnotes to history usually

After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

Newport

MENTHOL KINGS 100's

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And -- compare.
Inver House Scotch passes the test every time.
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So find a friend and try it.



CINEMA

make better reading than the main text.

For the record, Ina Ray Hutto, with her all-girl orchestra in the background, presents the Governor of Louisiana with a rendition of his own composition, *Every Man a King*. Governor is seated during the performance, blank-faced and staring straight ahead as one hand flaps in an approximation of syncopation. He thanks Ray and allows that her chances are good, although for what he does not say. The singer and the politician look aound, accordingly, like contestant and M.C. on some cosmic amateur hour.

Bolmy Fictions. Much of *Brother Can You Spare a Dime?* is given over to similarly novel footage: home movies F.D.R. horsing around with his family during a swimming party; the *Hindenburg*, with a swastika painted on its tail, floating peacefully between the skyscrapers of Manhattan; Los Angeles dawdling about growing, still a proposed prairie town set down in the middle of an antic oasis. There are also, intercut with fact, many of the best balmiest fictions of the time: James Cagney, ever brash and streetwise, pushing mugs around; King Kong poking his head up through the el tracks.

What makes *Brother Can You Spare a Dime?* entertaining beyond spirit and charm is the manner in which Writer-Director Philippe Mora has organized the footage and orchestrated it to a period score that runs from Duke Ellington and Woody Guthrie through Rudy Vallee and Ginger Rogers. There is no narration, hardly ever a title to identify a person or event. Fact and fiction are interwoven without distinction. For Mora, the hard reality of the depression is inseparable from all the fictions it produced.

DEPRESSION VIGNETTE FROM DIME



MILESTONES

Married. George Corley Wallace Jr., 23, second son of Alabama's Governor and his late first wife Lurleen, a sometime country-and-western singer now studying political science at Huntingdon College in Montgomery; and his high school sweetheart, Janice Culbertson, 23, now an ad-agency art director; both for the first time; in Montgomery. George Sr. was best man.

Married. Edgar M. Bronfman, 46, board chairman of Seagram Company Ltd.; and Georgiana Eileen Webb, 25, daughter of a retired British builder who runs Ye Olde Nosebag in Essex, England; he for the third time, she for the first; on the 174-acre grounds of Bronfman's Yorktown, N.Y., estate, in a ceremony that had been postponed for four days because of the kidnapping of his son Samuel (see THE NATION).

Died. Mark Donohue, 38, top-ranking American driver; following brain surgery after a crash while he was practicing for the Austrian Grand Prix, in Graz, Austria. Son of a New Jersey attorney, Donohue studied mechanical engineering at Brown University but began racing professionally in 1966, and quickly built a reputation as a cool, pleasant, almost error-free technician. After winning several major events—including the Indianapolis 500 in 1972—and more than \$1 million in purses, he quit driving briefly in 1974, then slipped into the slim cockpit of a Formula One car this year in pursuit of the one trophy that still eluded him: a major Grand Prix victory. "That last lap," he said during his short retirement, "I really didn't want it to end; I wanted it to go on and on."

Died. John Kriza, 56, charter member and longtime (1940-66) star of the world-renowned American Ballet Theatre; in an apparently accidental drowning; near Naples, Florida.

Died. Frederick Glidden, 67, better known by his pen name Luke Short, Illinois-born author of more than 50 hell-bent-for-leather Westerns, some of them later adapted into successful movies (*Ramrod*, *Vengeance Valley*, *Blood on the Moon*), all of them turned out with a plot formula he described as "writing myself into a corner, then writing my way out again"; of cancer; in Aspen, Colo.

Died. Ima Hogg, 93, spirited Houston oil heiress and arts patron whose benefactions to the Houston Symphony, which she helped to found in 1913 after abandoning a budding career as a concert pianist, and other cultural causes made her the *doyenne* of Lone Star society; of complications after a fall suffered while traveling in London.



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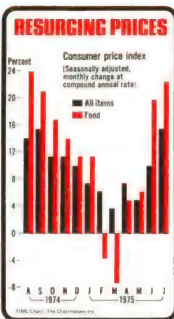
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The Kodak MovieDeck projector





PAYING FOR FOOD IN SUBURBAN SUPERMARKET



INFLATION

A Turn for the Worse

Shocking new evidence arose last week that inflation has again become the nation's No. 1 economic worry. The consumer price index soared 1.2% in July, equal to a 15.4% compound annual rate. That was as bad as the worst month of inflationary 1974 and marked the second month in a row that the annual rate of price boosts has been in double figures. Food prices jumped a startling 1.7% in July, mainly because of hefty increases in meats, poultry and vegetables. Gasoline prices climbed even faster: 4.3%, or an average of 2.4¢ per gallon. The cost of fuel oil, used cars and medical services also continued moving up at a double-digit annual pace.

Administration economists continue to insist that the inflation rate will subside soon—perhaps to 6% or 7%, which, to be sure, would still be distressingly high. Last week in Vail, Colo., President Ford's chief economic adviser, Alan Greenspan, said of the CPI for August: "We do expect it to be below the double digit rate." The Department of Agriculture called a special press briefing at which officials reassuringly predicted that the retail cost of food will rise no more for the rest of the year than it did in July alone. Their reasoning: most meat and poultry prices appear to have peaked, and some have already declined at the wholesale level. In addition, the July spurt resulted partly from

bad weather that hurt grain and vegetable crops. During all of 1975, the department forecasts, food prices will rise 9%; that is more than its previous prediction of 6% to 8%, but would still indicate that most of the rise is over.

Countering Criticism. The department's statements seemed inspired partly by eagerness to counter sharpening criticism of sales of U.S. grain to the Soviets, and they did not wholly succeed. Department officials say the main impact of the Soviet purchases on U.S. prices will come in 1976, but Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz and department economists concede that additional Russian buying will ultimately raise consumer food prices by more than 1.5 percentage points.

Many economists outside the Government, meanwhile, fear that the June-July surge in living costs means the U.S. is in for what Data Resources Inc. President Otto Eckstein calls "a new wave of inflation"; he expects it to last for six to twelve months. The experts' main dispute seems to be over the reasons for that wave. Though all agree that crop failures played a role, Brookings Institution Economist Arthur Okun cites such "self-inflicted wounds" as the Soviet grain sales and the coming abrupt decontrol of oil prices at the end of this month. Monetarists argue that the Federal Reserve's moderately easy money

policy earlier this year is partly to blame.

Whatever the reasons, Wall Street this week seemed convinced that inflation would continue to bedevil the economy. After rising sharply during the first half of the year, largely on hopes that inflation had abated and the recovery was well under way, the stock market has tumbled recently. Last week the Dow Jones industrial average closed at 80, down 21 points for the week. Bond prices also dipped on news of the July rise in living costs, and interest rates continued to creep upward—a sign that lenders, too, expect inflation to remain rampant and are determined to extract a higher price for their money.

For consumers, perhaps the most visible sign of inflation during the next few months will be gasoline prices. Although the Administration is sticking by its earlier prediction that decontrol of oil prices would trigger only about a 3¢-per-gal. rise, some other estimates keep coming in higher. Representative John D. Dingell, chairman of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee's Energy and Power Subcommittee, calculates that gasoline prices could skyrocket to 90¢ per gal. Most experts doubt that the petroleum retailers will boost prices anywhere near that much, since the summer driving season will soon be over and demand for gasoline is softening. Petroleum Industry Research Foundation Chief John Lichtblau forecasts a 3½¢-to 4¢-per-gal. rise this fall, and perhaps another 1¢-1½¢ increase next spring.

JOBS

Back to Work—But Only in Trickle

Apart from inflation, most of the standard indicators of the U.S. economy are showing heartening, and at times surprising, strength. For example, July sales of big-ticket appliances were the strongest since last fall, and housing starts during the month surged 14% ahead of June. Government statisticians last week concluded that real output of all goods and services in the second quarter actually rose at an annual rate of 1.6%, rather than falling at a .3% pace as first estimated—an indication that the worst recession in 30 years ended somewhat earlier than had been thought. Superficially, the all-important unemployment rate fits this pattern: it does not start to drop until several months after a recession bottoms out, but it unexpectedly fell from 9.2% in May to 8.4% in July. Most economists, though, do not believe that the back-to-work trend will continue at that speed.

Indeed, the Ford Administration ex-

pects the August unemployment rate, which will be reported next week, to show at least a slight rise over July. Production just has not bounced back rapidly enough yet to reduce unemployment as swiftly as the figures have been showing: if the July jobless rate of 8.4% was a true measure, then the May peak of 9.2% probably was too high, a reflection of the difficulty of statistically accounting for students entering the job market. The decline in the unemployment rate after August is expected to be painfully slow and to remain at or near 8% well into next year, as President Ford campaigns for election. Democratic Economist Walter Heller foresees joblessness still around 8.5% even at the end of this year, possibly tapering to 7.5% or 7% by the end of 1976. "I think people are underestimating the unemployment problem, which is that there is a huge underemployment problem," he says. "There is a bad fit between training and jobs."

Even so, the upturn has come; there are definite signs that Americans are go-

looking, some jobs have opened up around the country. In Georgia, where unemployment is 10.1%, textile mills are running at 90% of capacity and employing 200,000 people. In Chicago, Inland Steel, the nation's fourth largest producer, last week began hiring up to 150 new employees a week to help fill increased September orders. U.S. Steel's wire plant in Joliet has recalled 100 people since June, though 300 are still laid off. California's overall unemployment picture remains bleak (10.1% in July), but there has been improvement in hiring for the auto industry and home building.

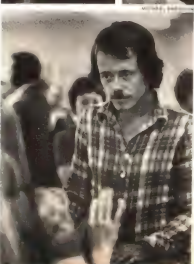
Older is Better. What little rehiring there has been has produced some distinctive patterns in executive ranks. In a departure from the 1960s, a few companies appear to be preferring older bosses, thus conservatively opting for experienced heads over younger, and possibly more dazzling tyros. Reports Manhattan Executive Recruiter Thomas Amory: "Companies are not too eager to hire 30- to 37-year-olds, and are now looking for those 35 to 40 and even 50



LEFTO—ATLANTA



RIGHT—BOSTON



NEWLY RECALLED SECOND-SHIFT AUTO WORKERS AT PONTIAC PLANT IN MICHIGAN
For a few, diamond rings and opportunities for self-congratulation.

ing back to work, if not in droves, then at least in trickles. Besides the drop in the jobless rate, the factory work week lengthened in July, and the number of people working rose by 676,000 to 85,078,000. During the last three months, 51% of 172 nonagricultural industries increased payrolls, v. only 14% in December, January and February.

Layoffs Reduced. In the bellwether auto industry, where sales have been showing erratic improvement, Ford Motor Co. President Lee Iacocca said last week that the number of Ford workers on indefinite layoffs had been reduced to 14,800 from a February peak of 35,000. He added: "We hope to get it down to zero as soon as the market recovers. Most will be back by next year." To economists in Michigan, that was industry pep talk. They note that Michigan's slight July improvement in unemployment (down to 14.2% from 15% in June) was due in part to youths who stopped looking for work and thus were not counted among the unemployed.

For those who have not stopped

years old." While demand for all types of executives has been rising slowly since March, that for financial and accounting experts has surged sharply (up 25% since last fall), reflecting many companies' needs for cost-cutting skills.

Recent college graduates with technical degrees are faring better than liberal arts graduates who are qualified for jobs that are not available. Jack Shingleton, placement director at Michigan State, estimates that 15% of that school's June graduating class will be underemployed at summer's end. Women and blacks, among the groups with the highest unemployment, appear to be benefiting. Says a Boston recruiter: "When [clients] hire, they hire a female or a minority-group member. It's astonishing in this economy."

For the lucky workers who are once again receiving paychecks, there is relief and renewed hope. Says William Goodwyn Jr., himself an executive recruiter for TRW Inc. in Los Angeles, who was out of work for a year: "Each

UNEMPLOYED PEOPLE LINE UP FOR BENEFITS
IN CALIFORNIA & GEORGIA

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

morning I still wake up and congratulate myself." Ford Welder Bill Lauer, 19, recalled last month after seven months, spent the equivalent of at least two of his first weekly paychecks on a \$522 diamond ring for his fiancée.

But for every happy rehired, several people remain jobless. "I'm overworked. I've already put in three weeks so far this year," jokes Jim Klein. He was laid off by Continental Can Co. in Bedford Park, Ill., last November after 24 years on the job, and then was recalled in February, July and August—for a week each time, earning a grand total of \$745. He sees no use looking for a job elsewhere: "Employers don't even want to talk to you when they hear you have 25 years' seniority somewhere else. They figure you'll quit when you finally get called back." The wait for a new job is getting longer. Of the 7.8 million jobless Americans, 1.4 million have been out of work for at least six months.

SOVIET UNION

Behind the Current Russian Grain Woes

To inspire an extra effort down on the Kuchenevsky state farm, the Communist Party has created a new title, "Hero of Threshing," which will be awarded for outstanding performance. Riding atop their huge Niva combines, Soviet farmers last week were rushing to harvest the grain crop, and from the Ukraine to Siberia, extra trucks were being pressed into service to speed the wheat, corn, rye and barley to storage

areas before fall rains cause spoilage. Despite the frantic efforts, the Soviet harvest is expected to fall at least 25 to 30 million tons short of this year's goal of 215 million tons—forcing the U.S.S.R. into foreign purchases that are jarring world markets and causing political turmoil in the U.S. (see THE NATION).

The 1975 shortfall, the second major Soviet grain crisis in the past four years, raises a basic question that has bedeviled the commissars since Lenin's days: Why is the Soviet Union unable to feed itself? U.S. Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz last week had a ready explanation: "There is no greater folly than to try to dictate agriculture policy from the political arena. Centralized decision making doesn't work—it never has and it never will."

The planners fouled up again this year. Under intense pressure from Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev to raise more grain for livestock, they set the total grain harvest goal at an overly optimistic level that would have nearly equaled the record 222 million tons achieved in 1973. Even if the present crop reaches only 180 million tons, it still would be the fourth largest Soviet harvest in history. But having allocated so much acreage for grain to be fed to cattle and poultry, Soviet planners now find that they did not have enough left over to comfortably feed the people.

Aside from such bureaucratic bungling, the 1975 harvest has fallen victim to the two enduring villains of Soviet agriculture. They are:

BAD CLIMATE. Unlike the bulk of U.S. farm land, more than 60% of Soviet grain fields lie far above the 49th parallel (see map), where rainfall is

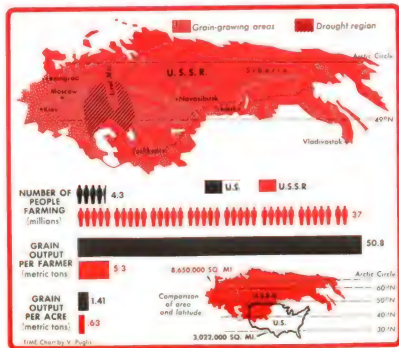
sparse, the sun less powerful and the growing seasons short: frost hits large tracts in Siberia in early September. According to Soviet farm authorities, favorable weather conditions prevail about once every four years. This year there were two damaging developments. A freakishly warm winter failed to provide the essential protective coat of snow for the winter wheat, hurting the crop. Then, just as the spring plantings of corn and wheat were sprouting, a hot June parched the shoots, stunting the yield.

FARM INEFFICIENCY. Though the Soviet press has not directly mentioned the size of this year's shortfall or of grain purchases abroad, it is filled with complaints about the troubles of farmers. Many articles lament the woeful state of Soviet farm machinery and the lack of spares. By one count, 450 harvesters in three Novosibirsk districts alone are laid up at present for want of parts. *Krokodil*, the satirical weekly, recently ran a cartoon showing a farm worker running a lottery to get a spare part for his thresher. *Pravda* complained that harvesters manufactured at the Krasnoyarsk plant in Siberia are so sloppily assembled that more than half have to be fixed at farm repair shops.

Soviet farmers have few incentives to work harder. Their wages average \$165 a month, v. \$208 for the typical industrial worker. Living conditions and educational opportunities are far more primitive in the countryside than in the cities, causing a continual migration of ambitious farmers into industrial jobs.

The Soviet Union is making huge new investments in fertilizer plants. Nonetheless, Soviet farmers still lack soil additives. Further, Soviet farm managers are relatively unschooled in such important crop-producing techniques as soil conservation, herbicide use and pest control—a legacy of the decades during which the head of a collective farm was most often not its best manager but its most politically reliable Communist. As a result, a Soviet farmer produces only one-tenth as much grain as his U.S. counterpart. Reports a member of a U.S. Agriculture Department team that studied Soviet farms last month: "The managing staffs of the large farms are being upgraded, but still, compared with the good top farmers in the West, they just don't have it."

Despite the lower 1975 harvest, the Soviet consumer is unlikely to feel the difference, either in his stomach or his wallet. Rather than cut back on livestock and poultry output, Soviet leaders have elected to sell gold worth \$636 million to get the cash to buy grain abroad. The ironic result is that although American consumers may be forced to pay more for food as a consequence of Soviet grain purchases, Soviet citizens will enjoy bread at artificially low fixed prices. They range in Moscow from 6¢ for a 1-lb. loaf of tasty black bread to 29¢ for a loaf made of the finest white flour, probably milled from U.S. grain.





GABON PRESIDENT ALBERT-BERNARD BONGO BORNE ALOFT ON PORTABLE CHAIR

CORPORATIONS

The Agonies of Ashland

Ashland Oil Inc. Chairman Orin E. Atkins recently hung on his office wall a color portrait of Cartoonist Al Capp's renowned detective, Fearless Fosdick, Swiss-cheesed by bullet holes. Says Fosdick: "Fortunately, these are merely flesh wounds."

Atkins' fondness for the painting is easy to understand. During the past two years, Ashland has been convicted twice of violating the Federal Election Campaign Act of 1971 by making illegal corporate political contributions in the U.S., and also had been charged with filing misleading reports to the Securities and Exchange Commission that concealed payoffs to overseas politicians. In January, Ashland even adjourned its annual meeting for fear that the SEC would invalidate the election of directors. Last week, though, the agonies of Ashland finally may have ended. At the meeting reconvened with SEC approval at company headquarters in the river town of Ashland, Ky., stockholders voted 97% in favor of re-electing the entire board and defeated by 93% a proposal that the company formally affirm its political nonpartisanship.

Assets Diverted. Before the meeting, however, Ashland signed a consent decree admitting to no guilt but promising, in effect, not to make illegal political donations in the future. It also barred many secrets. In June the company submitted a 539-page report, prepared by a special committee of the board, containing exhaustive information on how Ashland executives had managed to divert corporate assets into an \$800,000 U.S. political slush fund that was kept hidden in a safe. The report also indicated that from 1967 to 1972 a CIA operative was on Ashland's payroll, and that the CIA reimbursed the company for part of his salary.

The SEC was not totally satisfied. Hoping to set a precedent for other corporations that have refused to disclose who got political payments, the agency further insisted that Ashland publicly reveal the recipients of all the payments

made between 1967 and 1973, when its illegal contributions first came to light. Reluctantly, Ashland earlier this month made public through the SEC a list of domestic and foreign payments totaling \$1.2 million. Democrats received the largest cut in the U.S., but some big Republican names were included. Among the larger payments:

- \$100,000 to Richard Nixon in 1968 for his election campaign.
- \$50,000 all together to Democratic National Committee Chairman Robert Strauss in 1970 and 1972 for use by the committee.
- \$50,000 to Arkansas Democratic Congressman Wilbur Mills in 1972 to help elect Democratic candidates to Congress.

► \$100,000 to Nixon's Committee to Re-Elect the President in 1972.

The company also reported nearly \$400,000 in previously disguised and therefore suspect payments, made in countries where the company has had major interests in oil exploration or production. Samples: \$100,000 in 1970 to a Libyan consultant, and \$150,000 to President Albert-Bernard Bongo of Gabon in 1972 for oil exploration permits.

The disclosures were somewhat surprising in that Ashland had never been renowned for political maneuvering. It is by far the least publicized of the companies that have got in trouble over political payments, even though it operates in 70 countries and had sales of \$3.5 billion in the fiscal year ending last September. But the political involvement, if not excusable, is at least understandable. Throughout its 51-year history, Ashland always has been dependent on other producers for most of its crude oil, and thus peculiarly vulnerable to political actions—changes in import regulations, expropriations in foreign countries—that might interfere with the supply. And lately Ashland has been growing fast: in the past year it jumped 25 places on the FORTUNE 500 list to become the 50th largest industrial corporation in the U.S.

The company was organized in 1924 by Paul G. Blazer, a scrappy entrepreneur who foresaw profit in buying oil from major producers and wholesaling it to dealers that the majors did not



ATKINS WITH FEARLESS FOSDICK

The diagnosis may be correct.

serve. Today Ashland is the largest independent refiner of petroleum products in the U.S.; but even though it has been exploring aggressively for crude, it pumps only 15% of the oil that it refines. During the Arab oil embargo its reliance on outside sources proved costly: in December 1973 it had to buy 80,000 bbl. of Iranian crude for \$17 per bbl., one of the highest prices ever.

Less Dependent. Since the early 1960s, however, the company has been pushing a diversification program that is making it less dependent on petroleum—and thus, as an unintended side effect, perhaps less vulnerable to political pressure. As early as 1962 it bought a major producer of the carbon black used in auto tires; it followed with acquisitions of petrochemical companies and in 1969 of Arch Mineral Corp., a big coal producer. Another of its recent ventures is into road building; over the past two years Ashland has become the leading paver of asphalt highways in the U.S.

Last year, for the first time, petroleum accounted for less than 50% of Ashland's earnings, while chemicals rose to 19% from 15% in fiscal 1973. Chairman Atkins predicts that within five years chemical sales will equal those of oil. The diversification is paying off. Ashland would be hurt by sudden decontrol of oil prices—it fears that major producers will boost crude-oil prices sharply while raising refined products much less, thus squeezing the independents—but it expects to weather the blow much better than its independent competitors. Last year its profits rose 34%, to \$113 million. In the first six months of 1975, while earnings of other large oil companies dropped on average about 33%, Ashland's were down only 8%—thus supporting Fearless Fosdick's diagnosis.

The Best of Times—1821? 1961? Today?

Nostalgia flowers naturally in worried times, which makes other eras seem better. But the contemporary fascination with nostalgia also reflects a different kind of judgment on our age. There is a discontent with the present, a foreboding of a plastic future, a looking back with longing to times that were—what? Simpler, happier, better? But were those times really better? The corny old movies, the Art Deco shapes, are now seen not critically but fondly, as shards and artifacts of times that were more sharply defined than ours (the Roaring Twenties, the Gay Nineties). Since such a view of the past is apt to be indulgent and sentimental, the nostalgia wave is hardly a fair test of past or present. A better test would be: When was the best time for most Americans to have been alive?

That is much different from asking when was the best time to have been among the rich, to have had plenty of servants, private railway cars and the seashore to oneself. It was better to have been richer earlier, when taxes were much lower, before there were so many other claimants to the best of everything. But when were the times best for most people?

Some periods are easily rejected. The Civil War, with the best of American youth dying frantically in the valleys of Virginia, goes out immediately; so does that war's ugly aftermath, the Reconstruction. But out, too, go the romantic Gay Nineties, when in reality Europe's "huddled masses yearning to breathe free" were pouring through Ellis Island's gates to clog the cities and the mill towns or to be herded into overcrowded tenements, where the only toilets were fetid sheds out in the dark alleys.

No, for most people the best time to have been alive in the U.S. has to be earlier than the last half of the 19th century. Or else later.

"America was promises," Archibald MacLeish once sang. Those promises were easier to keep before the American invitation was issued wholesale all over Europe to meet the nation's growing demand for labor. So consider as one candidate for the best of American times those earlier years before the Civil War, when the Republic was agrarian. The existence of slavery counts against that time, but in the Republic's first days even many Southerners regarded slavery as "scaffolding" to be removed when the building of nationhood was complete.

Nine out of ten Americans lived on farms, grew their own corn and potatoes, made most of their own clothes. In the not-yet-crowded countryside and seashore, the woods were full of wild game and the waters of cod, carp, shad and salmon. Life was tough and dangerous but self-sufficient. What now seems amazing about this hardy era was the immense national feeling of self-confidence—the feeling, summed up in the phrase still imprinted on the back of every dollar bill, that America was a "new order of the ages." Toward the impressive contemporary Europe of Beethoven, Hegel, Napoleon and Goethe, the rude frontiersman was patronizing; his own land was the democratic future, free of the Old World's privileges and wars. "Every stroke of the ax and hoe," Henry Adams wrote sardonically, "made him a capitalist and made gentlemen of his children."

If one has to pick vintage years in this period, the early 1820s, "the era of good feelings," will serve as well as any. The quarrels with Europe were over or at least muted. Independence had survived its first trials. Yet even in that Arcadia there were dark corners. To think of how many died in child-

birth or lived sickly lives, to think of diseases wrongly diagnosed or wrongly treated, is to recognize the importance of health in judging the well-being of a people. The nearer one gets to today the better health care gets.

Despite a relatively low birth rate, the U.S. population has doubled in the past 50 years. Improved health care makes the difference. In 1900 in New York City, a 70-year-old man had a better chance than a new-born infant of surviving the next year. As Dr. Walsh McDermott, recently retired professor of public health at Cornell University Medical College, says, the two great triumphs of modern health care have been 1) the victory over the "pneumonia-diarrhea complex" that once caused half the tragic wastage of early deaths, and 2) the dramatic gains since antibiotics were introduced in 1937. Dr. McDermott can remember growing up in New Haven when every respectable undertaker had two funeral hearses—the familiar black one and a white hearse for children.

To judge by such tangible measurements as health, the best of times for most people would thus lie within the lifetime of people living today—that is, sometime during the 20th century. But when precisely? Here the answer becomes more subjective, a parlor game in which anyone is entitled to his own answer, so long as he remembers that the criterion is not just when his own fortunes or his own prospects were most favorable. In their own lives people are apt to choose, in retrospect, their young adult years. Perhaps this is why some people even fondly remember the Great Depression. They argue that material luxury is not the only test of well-being. Kenneth Clark, the black educator and psychologist, recalls that in the Depression, "for the first time there was equality in deprivation. Suffering was democratic." He remembers, too, the ferment, the "curious social and political optimism." For others, the more lasting picture of the Depression will be those haunting photographs of the gaunt faces of undernourished sharecroppers.

Another way to judge an age's well-being is to examine its shared optimism about the future. Consider that moment of new beginnings in 1945-46, when millions of veterans returned home from World War II to resume peacetime living. For many, the G.I. Bill made possible the previously elusive dream of a college education. The economy did not suffer the grave postwar slump that experts had forecast. Despite gathering doubts about Russia, most Americans had an optimistic faith in the twin security of their nuclear monopoly and the new United Nations, where the big powers would work together to guarantee the peace. That was a brief, sunny interval indeed. Just a year later came the cold war.

A better case can be made for the late '50s and early '60s. Communism no longer seemed on the ascendant throughout the world, despite such triumphs as Sputnik. Blacks were winning their civil rights. The American genius for production was turning out technologically dazzling goods and mountainous surpluses of food. The campuses were so complacently quiet that people spoke of the Silent Generation. That age turned sour around the end of 1963, with the assassination of John Kennedy and the deepening involvement in Viet Nam. After that, it became harder to cheer a society divided by riots, split by generations, alarmed by drugs and afraid to walk city streets at night.

But recent years also have their defenders as a

SETTLERS BUILDING LOG HOME IN IDAHO (CIRCA 1844)



TIME ESSAY

good time to be alive in. The man who argues their case most aggressively is Ben J. Wattenberg, who in his book *The Real America* draws his proofs from the 1970 census. He cites statistics that show more than half the employed working in white-collar jobs, which are more pleasant and less demanding than the production line. Between 1950 and 1973, real income—even discounting for inflation—doubled, and from 1959 to 1969 the numbers of people officially listed as living in poverty were cut almost in half. For the first time, a majority of blacks (judging by income, occupation and education) were in the middle class. Wattenberg concluded that people are really much better off than they think they are, and laid the blame for widespread discontent on an increasing "psychology of entitlement" (college education for the kids, a satisfying job for oneself). So if—despite electric dishwashers to replace poorly paid domestics, and second cars and second homes for millions—people are still dissatisfied, the answer is that history records no instance of a people made happier by the knowledge that they are part of a comforting statistic.

For many, of course, the statistics themselves are small comfort. For blacks and other minorities in particular, the signs of an improving economy seem to bring no improvement in their own high unemployment. Even for Americans secure in their jobs, inflation diminishes their present income and makes the future more worrisome.

But the contemporary sense of times awry goes deeper than economics. Potomac Associates, a research organization, measures something it calls the "ladder of life"; in its most recent test, reported in December, Americans on the average thought themselves better off now than they were five years ago and expected to be personally still better off in the future. Yet these same Americans expressed a sharper decline in confidence in their country's future. Political studies show that in every election since 1958, the "most politically estranged" voters have been those over 50; the world simply became too much for them. Surprisingly, in the most recent presidential election the *next* most alienated group was the one from 21 to 24 years old.

A more intangible quantity has thus to be reckoned in a period's sense of its own well-being. People speak about a declining "quality of life." Those who are discontented with the present are apt to have selective memories of a better past and forget what went with it—the petty tyrannies that were possible in any office, factory or domestic household, where one could lose his job at an employer's whim and could count on few if any benefits if given the sack. But those who in their own lives have since gained by shorter hours, better quarters, safer conditions and coffee breaks have also lost something when they in turn become customers and consumers: a decline in store manners and helpfulness, clothes and articles more carelessly made, service and workmanship less dependable. One man's easier life is bought with another's frustrations.

More than the daily round of frustrations, what distresses many people about the present is a nagging feeling of things out of control, a world approaching with too many people in it and too few resources to go around, an absence of faith that solutions are possible or leaders will be found to provide them. Rarely has this feeling been described with such elegant despair as that expressed by President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing of France: "The present world crisis . . . is not just a passing perturbation but in reality represents a permanent change. If we examine the major graphic curves that are drawn for the future by the phenomena of our times, you see that all of these curves lead to catastrophe."



COLLEGE CLASS IN PENNSYLVANIA (1957)



CELEBRATING V-J DAY IN MIAMI (1945)

In American terms, however, some of the curves are not worsening. The chances of nuclear war with Russia decline. Domestic politics is less edgy and disputes in U.S. society less disruptive than they were in the late '60s.

Some of the country's most conspicuous problems, in fact, stem not from worsening conditions but from an increased awareness

of them. Injustices that earlier generations once silently accepted now have articulate spokesmen decrying them. Yet oddly enough these same people who work so hard for change take so little joy in the gains that have been made that they can hardly be called happy warriors. They even exaggerate their own pessimism out of a fear that public willingness to overcome obstacles would otherwise slacken. The result is that few times will pass into history like ours, having done so little to insist on its own merits.

Any past period that people somehow survived seems in retrospect more manageable than today's open-ended uncertainties. Daniel J. Boorstin, the social historian, believes that "the contemporary time is always the best time to live. It is a mistake to say the best age is one without problems."

If today is not the worst of times, it is not often seen as the best either, even by those who wear "Smile" buttons and say "Have a happy day." Perhaps an opinion poll would show that for most Americans, the vintage years may now seem—in the benign middle distance of memory—to have been at the turn of the '60s. Then hope in the direction of events seemed more buoyant and less under challenge than now. If one thinks only of civic well-being and its later decline, that period does indeed seem the best of times.

But there have been gains since then, as well as losses. Many women feel "liberated" from what they put up with then, though whether this is a gain in contentment and independence would be hard to measure. Anyone who would dare to argue that, all things considered, right now might indeed be the best time for most Americans will have to survive a barrage of catcalls. If nothing else, this is a disgruntled age. So anyone making the case for today must insist that all the returns are not yet in, and must assume that some trends will continue favorably and that some prophesied disastrous crisis can be averted. He must also assume that people will come to see their own struggles differently and in retrospect discover that their efforts were more successful and worthwhile than they realized. The case for today as the best of times for most people also rests on the ongoing progress of those minority millions who are gradually finding opportunities and an acceptance denied their parents in offices, restaurants, universities.

So the final answer to the question does involve large-scale subjectivity. Many people once thought of themselves as living in a country that was generally right, even though their own circumstances could stand improvement, which would come about by their own efforts. Today it is the widespread doubt about the country itself—its political structure, its place in the world, its present drift—that most mocks the "Smile" buttons. The matter with our times is not so much a question of impossibilities but of complexities that can be faced if only public trust and will are restored.

Thomas Griffith

400,000 volunteers But the big news is coming



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ers in two years. the kind of people ng in.

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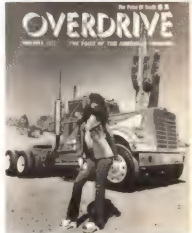
Goons threw acid on the owner of a truck stop outside Detroit for displaying the magazine. A stopover in eastern Ohio was blown up for featuring it on a newsrack. Gunmen shot out the gas signs of a stop in Indiana and threatened worse if the display rack did not go. When it comes to circulation, *Overdrive* magazine has had some unique problems. They are the price that the muckraking journal, which calls itself the voice of America's independent truckers, has had to pay for documenting corruption in the trucking industry. In the past three years alone, the 14-year-old monthly has printed more than 20 carefully researched articles linking criminal figures to abuses in the International Brotherhood of Teamsters' pension fund. Last month, when James Hoffa disappeared, reporters automatically turned to *Overdrive* for an explanation. In its latest issue, out this week, *Overdrive* concludes that the Mob did Hoffa in.

Diverted Funds. In a racket-infested, violent industry, maverick *Overdrive* (circ. 56,000) speaks with high-tonnage authority. The chief author of the exposés is Jim Drinkhall, 35, the magazine's top investigative reporter, who specializes in the Teamsters' infamous and huge Central States \$1.5 to \$2 billion pension fund. Drinkhall roused a federal investigation in 1973 with articles showing that a \$1.4 million Teamsters pension-fund loan, ostensibly given to a plastics company in New Mexico, was really used primarily to finance the Chicago syndicate's purchase of wiretapping equipment. He also revealed that the *Tonight Show*'s Ed McMahon and an associate misused some of a \$1.5 million Teamster advance paid them to run a public relations campaign. In addition, Drinkhall has uncovered schemes to divert union funds into resorts like La Costa near San Diego and various Las Vegas hotels. Says the mustachioed reporter: "I have never investigated a pension-fund loan and found a straight business transaction."

What gives Drinkhall—and *Overdrive*—their franchise to hunt is the populist philosophy of the magazine's editor-publisher and sole owner, Michael Parkhurst. New Jersey-born Parkhurst, 41, became an owner-operator trucker at 17 but sold his rig after ten years and used the money to start *Overdrive* in Los Angeles, a major trucking center. He wanted "to wake the truckers up to the fact that they're slaves to a monopoly." Parkhurst would visit truck stops by horse for publicity, but service, not stunts, made *Overdrive*. It dug, exposed, and above all helped out. There have been graphic headlines (HOW YOUR



OVERDRIVE'S MICHAEL PARKHURST (CENTER)



TRUCKIN' WITH CHEESECAKE COVER



THE PRESS

SWEAT FINANCES CROOKS' CADILLACS) and explosive stories, but truckers have also been attracted by the offer of free collect calls for legal advice, tips on taxes—and cheesecake. The independents also came to respect Parkhurst for his crusades to get clean truck stops and uniform trailer lengths, and for his no-nonsense technical reports on new trucks.

Today, *Overdrive* is fat (normally 150 pages) and prosperous. In 1973 the magazine grossed more than \$1 million, but Parkhurst drew barely \$14,000 in salary and the journal's net was only \$1,750. The reasons: Parkhurst pays good salaries to his staff of 21 and pours money into the Independent Truckers Association, legislative lobbying and other causes.

Parkhurst also treats advertisers with truculent disdain. For example, he refuses to accept Ford Motor Co. ads because "they made a crummy truck," and both a Union Oil Co. division and White Motor Corp. have in the past pulled out their advertising after he rapped them. He also has to pay for lawyers to protect himself against an average of some \$25 million in pending libel suits (he has won seven and never lost), and to maintain an electric gate at his shabby Hollywood offices to guard against midnight raiders and subpoena servers. Says one staffer: "He could be taking home a quarter-million a year, but he truly is a crusader." Parkhurst himself lives frugally with his wife (he owns no home) and seems unconcerned about his prodigal spending on exposés and causes: "It doesn't bring back dollar income, but if we don't do it, who will?"

"Rags and Libertines"

As the pro-Communist government of Portuguese Premier Vasco dos Santos Gonçalves lurched closer to collapse last week (see *THE WORLD*), the general paused to heap invective on an unexpected enemy. "Certain organs of the Portuguese press are today bordering on the near obscene," Gonçalves roared at an audience in a high school gymnasium near Lisbon. "Their looseness with freedom impairs freedom of the press." That might seem an odd complaint from a man heading a regime that has permitted Communist-dominated unions to gag nearly all of the nation's newspapers and every television and radio station. But Portuguese readers have been getting a remarkably unvarnished version of the news from a few weeklies, one new daily and, increasingly, from uncooperative staffers on some of the nationalized dailies Gonçalves thought he controlled.

When the military overthrew the right-wing regime of Marcello Caetano on April 25, 1974, Portugal's newly freed press was unanimous in support of the

new government. That admiration became dutiful, if not downright slavish, after the government last March nationalized the banks that controlled all of Lisbon's seven dailies. A notable hold-out, the Socialist *República*, finally fell into line following a takeover by the Communist-dominated printers' union, backed by the Armed Forces Revolutionary Council. Since then, though, several newspapers have openly irritated the government by publishing contentious statements from Portugal's rival military factions and ignoring official requests to play down the renewed strife in the Portuguese colony of Angola.

Secret Plan. Lately, some Portuguese journalists have grown even feistier. *Jornal Novo*, a Socialist daily founded just after nationalization by a former advertising man, earlier this month ran an exposé of what it called a secret government plan to impose censorship and fines of up to \$20,000 for sins like "neglect of duty to sensitize the population to the great national tasks." Social Communications Minister Jorge Correia Jesuino, a Gonçalves intimate, refused to discuss the scheme, but even government-controlled papers hastily denounced it. Since then, an anti-Communist slate has easily won control of the nation's 358-member journalists' union. Thirty of the 54 editorial staffers of the government-controlled daily *Diário de Notícias* have denounced the paper's Communist line, and 17 newsmen of the state television system have demanded the resignation of Correia Jesuino.

The government and its Communist friends have not taken this independence lightly. All 30 of the *Diário de Notícias* rebels have been suspended. Meanwhile, Gonçalves has tried to rally public opinion by condemning unfriendly publications as "those rags and those libertines." More ominous are reports that the government plans to cut the supply of newsprint to dissenting newspapers—and worse. "I think that there should be one morning newspaper and one afternoon newspaper," Correia Jesuino told *TIME* Correspondent Gavin Scott. "We can't afford to have so many newspapers."

Whether Correia Jesuino will get a chance to prune Lisbon's press, or impose a censorship plan, is another question. The seven state-owned dailies are believed to be losing both readers and revenues, while *Jornal Novo* has been gaining circulation, from an initial 40,000 last spring to some 100,000. Raul Rego, whose *República* was seized by its Communist printers, plans to launch a new Socialist paper next month, aptly named *O Luta* (The Struggle). By then, however, there may well be a new Premier, and many Portuguese journalists hope that covering the news will no longer be such a struggle.

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NAVAL BATTLE OF MIDWAY; LEA'S TWO-THOUSAND-YARD STARE; BRODIE'S MOVING UP, PEARL HARBOR



ROBERT MC CALL



Martial Arts

WWII

by JAMES JONES

Designed by ART WEITHAS

272 pages. Grosset & Dunlap. \$25.

If Viet Nam was the first televised war, World War II marked the coming-of-age of photojournalism. The front-line cameras of Edward Steichen, Margaret Bourke-White, W. Eugene Smith and Robert Capa brought that war home in living—and dying—black and white. So powerful a messenger did the camera become that it overshadowed the ancient craft of combat artists.

Now, during the 30th anniversary of the end of World War II, the men who went into battle with brush and pencil can finally be fully appreciated. Drawn from U.S. Government archives, this collection of more than 160 sketches and paintings recalls such familiar dogfaces as Bill Mauldin's *Willie & Joe* and George Baker's *Sad Sack*, as well as the efforts of many unknowns. Most of the work is by Americans who seem to have been undergoing a collective hangover from the Great Depression. Their styles range from bitter caricature through gritty social realism to the heroic mass of WPA public murals. Art by

U.S. Allies is curiously missing, but a smattering of pictures by Japanese and Germans is included. There is even a painting of a town square, allegedly done by the young Adolf Hitler in the manner of an arthritic Utrillo. Yet distinctive styles did emerge from the chaos and mud. Kerr Eby, a professional artist who had also sketched the fighting in World War I, turned smudged charcoal into Miltonic scenes of darkness made visible. Howard Brodie's slumping G.I.s are stark icons of bone-weary courage. Brodie, who was a sergeant attached to *Yank* during the war, went on to sketch such peacetime battles as the Chicago Seven trial and the Watergate hearings. In *The Two-Thousand-Yard Stare*, LIFE Artist Tom Lea caught the essence of battle fatigue.

Tropic Lightning. "I've seen men with that look on their faces," writes Novelist James Jones of Lea's picture. "I've had it on my own face." This intense involvement with the illustrations elevates Jones' text well above the level of most studio books, in which grayprint serves to set off the art work.

Jones, of course, lived many of these experiences. As a Regular Army enlisted man, he was at Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941. As a corporal with the 25th (Tropic Lightning) Division, he was hit

by shrapnel at Guadalcanal. As he made his bloody retreat to an aid station, Jones recalls, "the thing I was most proud of was that I remembered to toss my full canteen of water to one of the men from headquarters company lying there."

This quiet, embattled camaraderie is the book's dominant—and winning—tone. Because he was one of them, Jones pays respectful but not sentimental attention to the ordinary Joes who did the fighting, suffering and dying in both theaters of the war. He alludes to distant political decisions and grand strategies when his story cannot avoid them, but his tale is really a loose collection of vivid details: the cheery wave he received from a low-flying Japanese pilot on a strafing run during Pearl Harbor; the suicidal heroism of U.S. Navy torpedo plane pilots during the battle of Midway ("No Japanese kamikaze pilot later in the war ever went to his death more open-eyed or with more certain foreknowledge than these men").

Like the pictures it accompanies, Jones' prose is offered with the stylistic niceties burned away. Sentences are marched out without a full complement of nouns and verbs. Oddly, the very flatness of his writing leaves the horizon clear for the experiences he describes. There may be more comprehensive il-

BOOKS

illustrated histories of the war, but none is likely to come closer than *WWII* to conveying the feeling of how it was to be there.

Paul Gray

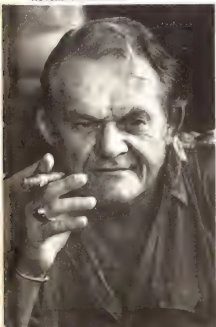
WWII represents a return to the subject that James Jones has never really left. For the past several years he has been working on *Whistle*, a long novel that will cap the war trilogy of *From Here to Eternity* (1951) and *The Thin Red Line* (1962).

Jones, 53, is also marking another return. He has come back to the U.S. after having lived for 16 years in Paris and is now settled on a farm in eastern Long Island with his wife Gloria and two teen-age children. He gives three reasons for his repatriation: "If there is any real cultural revolution going on in the world, it is here. Second, Europe is sinking back into separatism; it is stopping dead in the water. And, third, there is old age. I wanted to come home."

Jones set aside his novel for six months to write *WWII*. "This project fascinated me," he says. "It gave me the chance to editorialize in a way that my novels do not. When I write fiction, I have to worry about the idiosyncrasies of my characters. In *WWII* I could concentrate on my own."

Jones is convinced that history has sanitized World War II by concentrating on its sweeping geopolitical designs and the Allies' noble crusade. "There was a lot more bitterness in World War II than historians allow—basically the men were bitter at getting their asses shot off." Novelists and film makers have captured this side of the war, but Jones wanted to cast it in nonfictional form for the public record. Three decades after V-J Day, he still decries facile nostalgia and idolatry: "It is quite a romantic subject, provided it was not staring you in the face."

NOVELIST JAMES JONES



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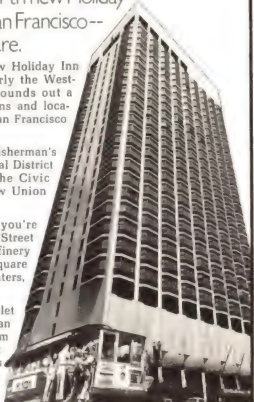
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By CHELA WALLACE

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Popping the Stays

EDITH WHARTON: A BIOGRAPHY

by R.W.B. LEWIS

592 pages. Harper & Row. \$15.

Edith Wharton has always been seen through a lorgnette darkly. The highest born of all major American writers, she usually emerges from the memoirs looking like a bejeweled dowager in a Peter Arno cartoon—stiff-necked, straight-backed and with all her stays grimly fastened. There is some truth to the image, but only part of the truth, and no such caricature of a woman could ever have written such brilliant novels as *The Age of Innocence* and *Ethan Frome*. The lady was indeed a snob, but, as R.W.B. Lewis's fascinating biography demonstrates, she also had a keen, if delayed taste for the erotic and a fine, hitherto undisclosed talent for dabbling in very unladylike pornography.

Born in 1862 to a prominent New York family, Edith grew up in a world of high, narrow town houses and high, narrow minds. As a woman, she was supposed to know enough to be a good hostess and no more; to be educated was tantamount to being pushy, a sin just below adultery in the eyes of old New York. Judged by those almost Oriental rules, Edith Jones was a misfit, and she was more at home in the library than in the drawing room.

Marriage Bed. She spent perhaps too much time in the library, and even by Victorian standards she was unusually repressed and naive. On the eve of her marriage to Edward Wharton, Edith, then 23, went to her mother to ask about what goes on in the marriage bed. Her mother looked at her with icy disapproval. "You've seen enough pictures and statues in your life," she replied. "Haven't you noticed that men are... made differently from women? You can't be as stupid as you pretend." On that subject she was, however, and the marriage was not consummated for three weeks, after which the sexual life of husband and wife virtually ceased. What Teddy Wharton—a handsome, almost excessively amiable man ten years her senior—thought of such a bloodless arrangement is not recorded, but for years he seemed warily devoted to his unusual literary wife.

With a growing private income, Edith concentrated all of her energies redoing her homes on Park Avenue and in Newport. She eventually built The Mount, a mansion constructed to her own perfectionist taste in the Berkshire Mountains of Massachusetts. There was nevertheless plenty of time to write. Edith, who had begun an unfinished novel as a child, sent poems and then short stories to the literary magazines. Her first novel, *The Valley of Decision*, was published in 1902, just after her 40th birthday.

Modeled partly after Stendhal's *The Charterhouse of Parma*, the novel was



EDITH WHARTON, 1905

An Angel of Devastation.

set in 18th century Italy. But Mrs. Wharton soon turned to her true subject, the world of the American rich and the clash between new and old money. On her native ground she has never been matched, and no other American has ever portrayed so well the sometimes savage drama of life behind the damask draperies of Fifth Avenue and the wrought-iron gates of Newport. By the time of *The House of Mirth* in 1905, she was recognized as a major novelist and, as an aging Henry James grew silent, she took his place as the pre-eminent American writer, a position she held for nearly 25 years, until the eve of the Depression.

Manic Energy. Despite her unprecedented popularity, she grew increasingly dissatisfied with America and Americans, elevating snobbishness, her most unpleasant characteristic, to the height of religious pride. "Such dreariness, such whining callow women, such utter absence of the amenities, such crass food, crass manners, crass landscape!" she wrote after spending a night at a Massachusetts hotel. "What a horror it is for a whole nation to be developing without a sense of beauty, and eating bananas for breakfast." More and more time was spent in Europe, and finally Edith and the ever compliant Teddy took an apartment in Paris, returning to America for shorter and shorter visits.

Most of her friends were Americans. In 1903 Edith had begun her famous friendship with another expatriate, Henry James. He was alternately fascinated and appalled by her wealth and her seemingly inexhaustible and sometimes manic energy, which led him to

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BOOKS

call her "the Angel of Devastation."

Other friendships were more intimate. Well into her 40s, Edith met Morton Fullerton, an American journalist in Paris, who finally unlocked her sexual passion. Fullerton, who seems to have been irresistible to both sexes, later hinted that he taught a very willing partner his many tricks. Edith was never again shy about sex. In her old age she even tried her hand at writing pornography in a never published story of father-daughter incest entitled *Beatrice Palmato*.

Edith dissolved her marriage to Teddy after he took \$50,000 from her trust fund to support a mistress in Boston. After World War I, during which she led a major effort to house and feed French and Belgian refugees, she divided her time between an estate north of Paris and a villa on the Riviera. Much of her later work was little better than contemporary soap opera, written by formula to keep her expensive life-style going. But the best of it, like *The Age of Innocence*, returned to the once despised world of her childhood, which she dissected with loving care. Such is the inexorable irony of nostalgia.

The Wharton papers, which were deposited at Yale after her death in 1937, were opened only in 1968. Biographer Lewis, a Yale professor, has had a treasure chest of hitherto secret material, and he has made good use of it. Edith Wharton's own story, too long delayed, is as compelling as anything she ever wrote.

Gerald Clarke

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—Looking for Mr. Goodbar, Rossner (1st last week)
- 2—Ragtime, Doctorow (2)
- 3—The Moneychangers, Hailey (3)
- 4—The Great Train Robbery, Crichton (4)
- 5—Shogun, Clavell (5)
- 6—The Eagle Has Landed, Higgins (7)
- 7—Centennial, Michener (6)
- 8—Shardik, Adams (8)
- 9—Circus, MacLean
- 10—The Dreadful Lemon Sky, MacDonald

NONFICTION

- 1—Breath of Faith, White (1)
- 2—TM: Discovering Inner Energy and Overcoming Stress, Bloomfield, Cain & Jaffe (3)
- 3—Sylvia Porter's Money Book, Porter (2)
- 4—Total Fitness, Morehouse & Gross (4)
- 5—How the Good Guys Finally Won, Breslin (5)
- 6—The Save-Two-Life Diet, Reuben (6)
- 7—Without Feathers, Allen (9)
- 8—The Ascent of Man, Bronowski (7)
- 9—Inside the Company: CIA Diary, Agee (10)
- 10—Conversations with Kennedy, Bradlee (8)

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Ties That Bind

Jackie and Aristotle Onassis reportedly drew up a 170-point marriage contract covering every possible detail of their married life. In 1969, Kleenex heir James Kimberly, then 63, and his third wife, Jacqueline Trezise, then 19, signed a prenuptial contract limiting any possible alimony payments to \$18,000 for every year of marriage. Her divorce lawyer is now seeking a larger settlement on the grounds that she was "a mere schoolgirl" when she signed.

The well-to-do have long used marriage contracts to protect their wealth from the caprices of divorce courts. But now contracts are increasingly popular among educated, middle-class couples

agree to avoid using the words "married to, married, husband, wife..." and other derogatory terms." More seriously, the couple agreed to allow extramarital affairs, keep separate bank accounts, and not have children—at least until the five-year contract comes up for renewal.

The gut issues in most contracts are money, sex and responsibilities in the home. Economic provisions generally aim at equality—sometimes by pooling income and assets and agreeing to divide them evenly in case of divorce. If the wife works, partners usually keep resources separate and share expenses.

Husbands commonly waive their legal right to determine where the couple will live, and agree to do half of the household chores. Many provisions em-

phatically ambiguous, even when they are drawn up by lawyers, signed by witnesses and properly notarized. Contracts or courts will usually not intervene in marriage or enforce any private contract provision that differs with state marriage law. Thus a wife whose marriage contract waives alimony and grants her husband the right to have extramarital affairs could conceivably win a divorce on the grounds of adultery and get her alimony too. But contracts between unmarried lovers are not limited by established marriage law. If a couple wants to make sure that their agreement has legal force, advises New York Feminist Lawyer Brenda Feigen Fasteau, "The should stay unmarried," in which case their contract is like any other private agreement between individuals.



DRAWING BY WM. HAMILTON. © 1972 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

"Also in all times and in all places to condemn war, pollution, and non-biodegradable containers, to support the Third World, and to fight for a better life for the migrant farm worker."

who have their own misgivings about traditional marriage. Feminism is playing a driving role. So is the rising divorce rate. Torn between the need for companionship and the notion that marriage is a trap, many of the young want their expectations and rules for married life clearly laid out in a contract.

Petty Issues. One student of such agreements, Cleveland Sociologist Marvin B. Sussman of Case Western Reserve University, has made a comprehensive study of marriage contracts. He has compiled more than 1,500 such documents. Typically, the contracts shuttle between large and petty issues. Some provisions in one: "Ralph agrees not to pick, nag or comment about Wanda's skin blemishes." "Wanda will refrain from yelling about undone chores until Sunday afternoon," and both parties

phase privacy and freedom, calling for separate rooms and nights out. Extramarital affairs, says Sussman, bring "the greatest amount of inconsistency and confusion." Some contracts permit affairs, though there are often rules about how long an affair can go on without one's married partner being informed.

Some couples agree to turn over important unresolved disputes to an impartial arbitrator. In fact, some of Sussman's contracts, which he calls "therapeutic," were written in mid-marriage with the help of a therapist or counselor, mainly to "get the most obvious kinds of annoying behavior out on the table." Two representative provisions: "Wife will not say she does not believe her husband loves her" and "husband will lift the toilet seat before urinating."

Private marriage contracts are legal-

God Is Love

Does religious fervor lead to a richer sex life? Maybe so. *Redbook* magazine's September issue reports on a computer analysis of 18,349 responses to professionally prepared questionnaires on sexual attitudes and practices published in the magazine last fall. While scarcely representative of all American women—most of the responses came from young, white, middle-class mothers—the survey does show that "strongly religious" women report more sexual satisfaction, more orgasms and better communication with their husbands than "fairly religious" women. At the bottom of the happiness scale are non-religious women; they are the least satisfied with the frequency and quality of intercourse, and the least likely to take an active role in lovemaking. *Redbook* editors admit to being "astounded" by the correlation between religion and successful lovemaking. The magazine's theory is that more and more "enlightened" clergymen have been teaching that sexual pleasure is "a necessary element in a good marriage."

Among the survey's other findings: 80% of the women questioned and 90% of those under 25 report having had premarital intercourse. Twenty percent have had intercourse "often" or "occasionally" while under the influence of marijuana, and 61% of these said that they enjoyed it that way. Nearly 70% of women—89% have experienced oral sex. Close to one-third of all married women, and half of those who have jobs, have had extramarital affairs. Less than 4% have participated in mate swapping, but 24% say they would like to. *Redbook* says that the survey shows women rejecting the sexual double standard, but one response indicates that the old double standard is still alive and kicking hard: while 12% of the women would object to their son's having premarital intercourse, 24% would oppose it for their daughter.



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FORD LTD

FORD DIVISION



A close-up, profile view of a man with a mustache wearing a cowboy hat and a leather jacket. He is holding a lit cigarette in his right hand. The background is a blurred outdoor scene with warm, orange-toned lighting, suggesting a sunset or sunrise in a rural setting.

**Come to where the flavor is.
Come to Marlboro Country.**



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine—
100's: 18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75